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NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER-----FOR THE FARM, FIELD AND FIRESIDE.

VOLUME {LI. OLD SERIES. XXVII. NEW SERIES.} BOSTON, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1872. ESTABLISHED, 1822. RE-ISSUED 1849. NUMBER 46.

New England Farmer.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

R. P. EATON & CO.

No. 34 Merchants' Row, Boston, Mass.

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ADVANCE PAYMENTS.

OUR subscribers will please note particularly the date opposite their names, on the paper. It signifies *the time to which they have paid*. By our terms, money paid after three months from such date must be at the rate of $3 a year. It is hardly necessary to add that $1.25 at the end of six months *pays for only five months' paper*. Money sent by mail, when properly sealed and directed, is at our risk. Money orders, or drafts for large amounts, payable to our order, are preferred.

Special Notice.

IN reply to inquiries, we would say that the FARMER will be sent to all subscribers until a discontinuance is ordered. The date to which payment is made is given on each paper, so that every subscriber can ascertain for himself the time when his subscription ends. All money sent us within three months of the commencement of the subscription will be regarded as in advance. We would also state that our *lowest and only terms* are given on our third page. We have no Club Terms. We have fixed our rates as low as the times will allow, and we give our readers their full money's worth.

☞ See Third Page for Terms, &c. ☜

Subscribers will observe the date on the labels with which their papers are addressed. This date is the time to which the subscription is paid. When a new payment is made, **this date will be immediately altered**, so that the label is a **constant receipt in full** for the time which the subscriber has paid.

Subscribers noticing any error in their dates, will please notify us at once, as mistakes are much more easily corrected when pointed out soon after their occurrence.

Editorial.

HYBERNATION OF PLANTS.

PLANTS, as well as animals, conform themselves in considerable degree to the circumstances under which they are placed. In a rich soil, some plants of only moderate growth will affect the habit of a large tree, but placed in a poor soil will be converted into a dwarfish shrub. Some of the plants which are now so highly prized as human food as to be considered essential, were bitter, tough, and astringent, when grown in their native soil. The potato was one of them; but now can hardly be dispensed with. The crisp, cool and almost transparent celery is another. The sour grape is rendered sweeter when brought into the garden and set in a generous soil in company with other cultivated plants. Who knows but what the associations of good neighborhood have redeeming influences upon plants as well as animals? Some such fancy as this was expressed by the "winged hierarch" who held converse with old Father Adam in the garden of Eden. He said:—

* * * "flowers and their fruit,
Man's nourishment, by gradual scale sublimed,
To vital spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual; give both life and sense,
Fancy and understanding; whence the soul
Reason receives, and reason is her being."

In animals, we do know that one unruly member **will demoralize a whole herd or flock.** And so sometimes it is with reasoning, reflecting man. Transplanted to a richer soil, and under more careful culture, the bitter pear becomes pleasant; the dry apricot and peach, pulpy; the prickly lettuce, smooth. The apple, and indeed all our fine fruits have come to us through careful culture by the hand of man.

Everything that *acts*, must have seasons of rest. "God rested," says Holy Writ.

Plants pass through a certain process in getting their food, and are nourished in a manner in some degree analogous to that by which animals are sustained. Their food, whether found in the soil or wafted through the atmosphere, is taken up in the form of gases or fluids; their leaves actually inhale the air, something as the air is admitted into our lungs. Plants, therefore, act.

Plants Act by Instinct.

There is plain evidence that plants act by *instinct*. This has been defined to be "the operation of the principle of organized life, by the exercise of certain natural powers, directed to the present or future good of the individual." In removing young trees, or other plants, all farmers have observed that their roots will turn from a grass field towards land that is kept constantly ploughed. There *is* an instance not far from us where the roots of a large elm have travelled more than 100 feet to the site of an old wood shed, where annual accumulations of vegetable matter have kept grass from covering the surface, and left a spot of great fertility. A strawberry plant set in a patch of sand, will send out nearly the whole of its runners in the direction of rich soil nearest to it. Or if lacking moisture and water is near, the roots of trees are turned to the source of supply in large numbers. So they will travel in all directions to reach a bone that is covered up in the soil, or a shovelful of muck, or any other substance which offers food for them. All these instances afford evidence of choice and wise selection.

Plants, therefore, not only act, but probably act with a judgment as unerring as that exercised by members of the animal kingdom. Why not?

Plants the Source of all Organized Things.

Plants are the source of all organized existence, and why should they not be endowed with powers of protection and subsistence within themselves. We do not think it very strange to see two or three working bees combine their force to drag a drone from the hive, or consider it in any way very remarkable to see a wasp bite off the head of a dead companion, when he finds the load too heavy to be conveyed away at once.

We call this *instinct*,—a something with which they were endowed at their creation,—and scarcely marvel at it.

By a closer examination into the habits and physical qualities of plants, we may yet find a source of wonder and admiration as wise and beneficient as is offered in the empyrean above us.

Plants have a Periodical Character.

The functions of all plants undoubtedly have a periodical character, entirely independent of heat and cold. That is, they would bloom, set their fruit, perfect it, and shed their leaves, even if all the circumstances of temperature were favorable to their continued growth. They must *rest*, and store up power for future activity.

Plants have Different Seasons of Rest.

The flower of the Morning Glory, unlike our evening belles, puts on its best clothes in the morning, glistening with dew drops, and shining in splendor for a few hours, then wraps itself up in its own robes and goes to sleep. So the splendid Portulaca—chiefest of all gay flowers in masses—with rosy crimson blossoms, large and beautiful, opens with the bright morning sun, but long before night, closes its petals against the garish light, and takes a long nap!

The old-fashioned Four-o'clock, or modern Marvel of Peru, selects another time to find rest. Unlike the evening belle, who attires herself in rich evening apparel, but like her in the morning, the Four-o'clock appears in modest garb, and presents a very retiring habit. In hot weather the flowers do not open till towards evening; but when the weather is cool, or the sun obscured, they will open at an earlier hour; its hours of rest being exactly the reverse of

"Those flowers that turn to meet the sunlight clear,
And those which slumber when the night is near."

THE HORSE DISEASE—EPIDEMIC CATARRH.

By this mysterious disease, nearly all the horses of the nation have been stricken, within a very few days of each other. It respects neither age nor condition. The young and old, the well-tended as well as the weak and neglected, seem alike subject to its insidious attacks. It "moves in a mysterious way," visiting the poor animals while in the pleasant sunlight on the highway, and in the cleanest and best ordered stables, as well as in the dark and stifled mews of cities.

Scarcely any horses are seen in the streets in the country. Out of the thousands in Boston, only a very few have been harnessed during the last fourteen days. Oxen have been introduced, but cannot be made available to any considerable extent. Their feet are not fitted to travel upon pavements.

The result of all this is, that the business of the country has been paralyzed in a considerable degree. Comparatively few working oxen are now used by farmers, so that the loss of the services of their horses leaves them in a nearly helpless condition in many respects. At the recent national and State elections, tens of thousands were probably kept from the polls, for the want of horses. Thousands are kept from church, as well. The farmer's grist remains unground, his produce kept from market, his lands not ploughed, the cider-mill is still, visits postponed, and an unnumbered amount of duties and healthful recreations are cut off, which are dependent upon horse-power. So the merchant's goods lie upon the wharf, or in his own store, ordered and packed, waiting for power to transport them to the various localities whence they are to be conveyed to all parts of the land. By dint of skill and industry, the mechanic has filled orders for numerous useful articles, but they still lie upon his floors, or have been conveyed away to the wharves or railroad stations, by the force of human power! The cotton and wool of manufacturers have failed to arrive, so that many wheels are still, the operatives are idle, and want and distress are stalking at their doors.

How sensibly we now feel our dependence upon the horse! Will all this lead to a higher appreciation of his services, and a more considerate treatment of one of the best friends of man? The prevalent disease is not new, even among us, but has never been so universal before.

In the year 1815, an epidemic of a malignant character, broke out among horses in England. Three out of five who were attacked died. In 1714, an epidemic was imported from the Continent, and in the course of a few months destroyed 70,000 horses and cattle. This continued to visit other countries, with but short intervals, for fifty years afterwards.

The seeds of this disease are undoubtedly borne upon the air, and thus are carried wherever the air can penetrate. For aught we know, it may be infectious too. It would be prudent, perhaps, to keep a horse that is well, away from those that are sick.

Every horse that has been sick with this influenza, has been reduced in strength, in a greater or less degree. Great caution should therefore be observed, not to return him too soon to labor. Several cases have been stated to us, where horses that had apparently fully recovered, were put to moderate work, but a relapse followed, with a greatly aggravated sickness, and in some instances, death occurred. A week, at least, should elapse after a horse eats and drinks his usual allowance, before he is put to work, and even then it should be light, and continued only for a short time.

REVOLUTIONIZING THE AGRICULTURAL PRESS.

Fifty years ago there were, we believe, but two agricultural papers printed in the whole country, and these were poorly supported. At first no farmer, except here and there one of the "fancy" sort,—some retired professional man,—thought of writing articles for the columns of these pioneer agricultural journals. Ministers, lawyers, &c., occasionally contributed an essay, an exhortation, or a glorification of the "noble art," by words which had no correspondence in their actions. The selections were largely from English writers, and often poorly adapted to the climate or circumstances of the American Farmer. Is it at all strange that such "theoretical agriculture" was not popular with practical men, or that the reputation of "book farming," was "no better than it should be?"

But "necessity being the mother of invention," the publishers and editors of these papers began to inquire what they should do to secure a more remunerative patronage. As they were making a farmer's paper it was natural for them to inquire why more of that guild or occupation did not step forward and put their names on the subscription list. At length they began to consult the wants of the out-back as well as front farmers,—of the plodder as well as the theorizer. And in proportion to the adaptation of these publications to the wants of the practical farmer, has been their success. Farmers have been encouraged to express not only their wants, but their likes and dislikes, until a large part of the contents of the farmer's paper now originates at the firesides of these practical farmers themselves.

The increase in number and circulation of agricultural papers during a few years past has been wonderfully rapid. In 1870, George P. Rowell, an advertising agent of New York, gave a list of ninety-three agricultural and horticultural journals, which even then was probably short of the actual number; and many additions have been made during the past two years. Since the war, nearly as many agricultural papers have been started in the Southern States as were published previous to the war north of the Mason and Dixon line. And we believe they are doing more to promote the interest of those States than all the noisy politicians put together, and that their influence in all sections of our country is equally promotive of peace and prosperity.

But there are those who are never satisfied to "let well enough alone," but seem to fancy that their individual wisdom is superior to the teachings of the past experience of the world. Such a man delivered the address at the late fair of the Oregon Agricultural Society, and is we believe the Governor of that State. He may be a good executive officer, and a fine orator, but we regard his idea of "a grand national agricultural paper, controlled by the Association," and of State publications "controlled solely by the agricultural Societies of the different States," as evidence that he knows but little about the efficiency either of the agricultural press or of the State and National agricultural societies. The agricultural newspaper depends on the voluntary subscriptions of its patrons. Not a dollar does it draw from the public treasury. What would become of the issues of State and National Boards and Societies were their annual appropriations cut off, and their reports forced into the book market on their own merits, for the means with which to pay editors and printers?

But we will allow the Oregon reformer to give his plan in his own words:—

And now in 1872, we have a National Agricultural Association organized. If supported and encouraged by the laboring class, it will be to us in information as it regards the disposal of our products, what the machinery is in producing and sowing them. The National Association will be the great head, with each State Society as a branch, entitled to one or more delegates; which delegates will constitute the working members of the National Association.

And now I will venture the assertion that before five years, we will have a grand National Agricultural paper, controlled by the Association, collecting and publishing reports of crops, probable amount on hand, amount consumed the previous year, and in fact everything that the laboring man is interested in.

Now before this can directly benefit the laboring class, we must be able to have an Agricultural paper, controlled solely by our Agricultural Societies of the different States, in order that the Board of Managers of the various Societies may have power to guard against, and keep out of our Agricultural mediums, the lurking speculating influence that is so prone to rule the press of the present day, and be able to give us what we need and so much desire, to wit: a reliable source of information as regards the general productions, both agricultural and mechanical.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE BOARD.

Secretary Flint has issued the following circular: The State Board of Agriculture will hold a public meeting for Lectures and Discussions, at the Town Hall, in Barre, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, December 3d, 4th, and 5th, in accordance with the following programme:—

TUESDAY.—Two o'clock, P. M.—Opening Address of Welcome, by Thomas P. Root, Esq., Chairman of the Committee on Meetings.

Dairy Husbandry.—To be opened by Hon. Harris Lewis, of Herkimer County, New York, followed by a discussion.

Half-past Seven, P. M.—Lecture on *The Structure and Growth of Domesticated Animals*, by Prof. Louis Agassiz.

WEDNESDAY.—Half-past nine o'clock.—Lecture on *Hereditary Influence in the Improvement of Stock*, by Dr. Nathan Allen, of Lowell; discussion to follow.

Two o'clock.—*Practical Questions of Law relating to Farm Lands*, by Farwell F. Fay, Esq., of Athol.

Three o'clock.—*Mowing and Pasture Lands*:—To be opened by Hon. Levi Stockbridge, Professor of Agriculture in the Massachusetts Agricultural College, followed by a discussion.

Half-past seven o'clock.—Lecture by President William S. Clark, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College; subject to be announced hereafter.

THURSDAY.—Half-past nine o'clock.—*Manures and Fertilizers, and their application*; To be opened by Andrew H. Ward, Esq., of Boston, followed by a discussion.

Two o'clock.—*Fruit and Vegetable Culture*:—To be opened by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, followed by a discussion.

Half-past seven o'clock.—Lecture by Professor Selim H. Peabody, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, upon *The uses, and the Effects of Light and Heat upon Plant and Animal Life*.

Farmers generally are cordially invited to attend and take part in the proceedings.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DOMESTICATED TROUT. How to Breed and Grow Them. By Livingston Stone, A. M. Deputy U. S Fish Commissioner, Proprietor of Cold Spring Trout Ponds, Secretary of American Fish Culturists' Association, and Editor of Fran'ses' Department of "New York Citizen." "Purpurisque Salare Stellatus tergora gutte." *Ausonius*, Idyl Tenth. "Make assurance doubly sure." *Macbeth*, Act. iv. Scene 1. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1872.

A few weeks since we acknowledged the receipt of a new work on American Fish Culture, by Thaddeus Norris. The volume of which we give the title page above, treats only of the "Domesticated Trout," and is, we believe, the fourth volume published in this country in the interest of fish culture. The advance of the art may perhaps be judged by the increase in the size of these successive issues. The first, by Seth Green, contains 92 pages; the second, by J. H. Slack, M. D., 144 pages; the third by Mr. Norris, 304 pages; the fourth, by Mr. Stone, though confined to a single variety of the finny tribe, has 358 pages. So much for the progress of fish literature, as shown by the bulk of books in our library.

Mr. Stone's volume appears to be well written, and systematically arranged, with index, and table of contents to facilitate reference.

The Cold Spring Trout Ponds at Charlestown, N. H., commenced operations in 1866, and was the first establishment of the kind undertaken in New England. In that year the author of this book asked the veteran troutist, Seth Green, how many of those who engaged in trout breeding would probably succeed, and received the ready answer, "one in a million." The business was so imperfectly understood then, that Mr. Stone regards the reply as scarcely an exaggeration. Since that time, however, he says, the whole aspect of the matter has been changed, and the care and study bestowed on the subject have evolved a set of rules and principles, the careful observance of which,—with the vigilance, force and skill necessary for success in other pursuits,—will render a degree of success almost certain. Mr. Stone also believes that while the present relations exist between the prices of trout and the cost of the food on which they are reared, they may be profitably reared.

One fact, among many others new to us, is stated by Mr. Stone,—the difference between the American and English trout. In 1871, ten thousand trout eggs were sent from Charlestown to Europe, where they were successfully hatched and carefully reared. The *Land and Water*, a paper published in London, says: "These American fish are much more active, and I was going to write,—it may be even so,—intelligent fish than our salmon or trout. Possibly they may have imbibed some of the national American sharpness. I think I shall consult them on the Alabama question."

SHEEP RAISING IN TENNESSEE.

A Tennessee correspondent of the *Southern Cultivator*, who speaks from several years' experience in sheep raising, points out several dangers to be guarded against in that section, by flock masters. One effect of the climate he speaks as follows:—

But we have *one* obstacle to overcome, not mentioned in any work on sheep that has met my eye—a long, dry spell in August and September, during which all vegetation is parched, the growth of fresh grass suspended, and water becomes scarce and bad. During this summer drought, which we scarcely ever escape, my sheep are much troubled by the fly and the heat, that they entirely reverse their habits—standing or lying in the shade all day and feeding only at night. They fall off, become sluggish and dull, and many of the weaker ones die. I usually lose more during these two months than in the whole of winter. They are especially fatal to late lambs, and if they do not kill them, make them delicate and comparatively worthless.

These remarks are the result of a somewhat costly experience. If they save any of your readers from loss, I shall be glad. One word more—it is better your ewe should miss breeding than to have her drop a lamb as late as May or June.

There is another advantage in early lambs, when bred for the butcher—that they come in quite in advance of the Northern market, bring fine prices and command a ready sale. For instance, I got $3.60 per head for my earliest lambs this year—the rest ranging from $2.50 to $3.00 each when the same size.

PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—There is so much complaint about agricultural societies being officered and managed by fancy farmers, that a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* notices the fact that Milo Ingalsbe, the present head man of the New York State Agricultural Society, is a working farmer, and lives in an unpretentious style. His farm consists of several hundred acres and is located in Hartford, Washington County, and at nearly an equal distance from the large farms of three of his brothers, and almost in sight of his boyhood's home,—their father, in his eighty-third year, being still vigorous and hearty. This is one instance in which a farmer's sons have done well by remaining in the neighborhood of their nativity. One of these brothers, James L. Ingalsbe, has had a farm steam engine in operation some five years, and is well satisfied with its operation. It unloads hay, threshes grain, steams roots and fodder, shells corn, grinds feed, cuts straw, makes cider, &c., &c. Mr. I. is planning some new uses for it, some of which he thinks will surprise his neighbors. It is the only one in town.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—The members of the New Hampshire State Board of Agriculture held a public meeting at their new rooms in the State House, on Thursday, the 14th of November. There was a discussion on *Fruit Culture*, and various other topics. This is a good start for the operations of the winter. When a complete programme is decided upon we will publish it.

The members of the Board are:—

Moses Humphrey, Concord, *Chairman*.
James O. Adams, *Secretary*.
J. Frank Lawrence, Epping; W. H. H. Mason, Moultonborough; S. W. Buffum, Winchester; Luther B. Haskins, Lyman; N. R. Perkins, Jefferson; John S. Walker, Claremont; Thomas Cogswell, Gilmanton; Hiram R. Roberts, Rollinsford.

IRRIGATION.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* in speaking of the farm of Truman Harris, near Hartford, Washington County, N. Y., describes a meadow of some four acres which has been irrigated every spring for over sixty years, and has yielded a heavy crop of hay annually, without having been ploughed during that time. The soil was originally a sort of gravel bed deposited by two streams flowing through the enclosure. The water for irrigation was obtained by building a dam across one of them before the war of 1812. It has been occasionally lightly topdressed, but owes its fertility almost entirely to the annual irrigation.

EXTRACTS AND REPLIES.

JERSEY RECORD.

"Fern," a thoroughbred Jersey heifer, two-years old the 12th of last June, dropped her first calf June 17th, being two years and five days old. The following is the result of a test of her milk:—

Morning.		*Night.*
June 28,		11¾ lbs.
" 29,	13¾ lbs.	10¾ "
" 30,	11¾ "	11¾ "
July 1,	11¾ "	10 "
Total, morning, 36¾ lbs.		Total, night, 67¼ lbs.

The whole weight of milk was 103 pounds, equalling 29 3-7 pounds, or nearly 15 quarts per day.

The product of butter from this milk was 6 pounds, 10 ounces; pro rata per week, 11 pounds, 4 ounces; and showing that 18 1-3 pounds of milk produced one pound of butter; or that 9 1-6 quarts were required for a pound of butter.

I have some cows that give much richer milk. The thermometer came up to 90° nearly every day of the trial, which I think reduced the product of butter. My stock was from R. W. Ames & Son's herd of Boston, and all my cows prove extra in butter product. HOMER W. VAIL.

North Pomfret, Vt., Nov. 2, 1872.

SPROUTED HEADS OF HERDSGRASS.

I noticed a week or two ago a notice in the FARMER of a mysterious head of herdsgrass. I enclose three heads in their different stages, which I found in my second crop of grass. HENRY MILLER.

Westfield, Mass., Nov. 4, 1872.

REMARKS.—The enclosed heads or spikes are very similar to those received from our New Hampshire correspondent, and noticed in the FARMER, October 26.

CROPS IN ILLINOIS—STOCK FEEDING.

I am able to report from Central Illinois immense crops of corn and fruit, especially grapes and apples. Corn is estimated to yield from fifty to seventy bushels to the acre of shelled corn. The price would rule very low but for the prospect of profitably turning it into beef and pork. The farmers expect to turn off an immense amount of excellent cattle and hogs the coming winter and next spring. Large fields of corn are being fed down by hogs, the owner doing nothing, except watering and salting. This may appear wasteful to a New England man, but as store hogs are turned in after the fattening ones are sold, there is scarcely a grain lost, and there is no possible treatment any better for the land. The manure is all saved and worked into the soil by the hogs themselves.

We now think the new corn crop will be worth about thirty cents per bushel in market. Sales have been made in the field at nineteen or twenty cents,—the purchaser to do his own harvesting. This is done by hogs or by men with teams, who jerk the ears from the stalk and haul it out to be fed to stock. When designed for market it is husked on the stalk, and live stock are turned in afterwards to clean up the fields. Formerly corn for cattle was cut and husked, and fed out during winter, fodder and all together on the ground. A later and better plan is to jerk the corn from the stalk and feed in large troughs, made for the purpose, some distance from the ground, allowing hogs to pass freely among the cattle to pick up the droppings. Cattle thus fed must have plenty of grass, hay or other fodder, as they do not thrive well on corn alone. Cattle fed out in the winter months, when grass is good and corn but half hardened, beef is made very rapidly and cheaply in this way.

APPLES FED TO STOCK.

Our apples, too, are much help in the manufacture of pork. During August, I had some sweet trees very heavily loaded with apples. Every morning the ground was literally covered with the ripest and finest apples. I regularly called on the hogs to clean up the orchard morning and evening. I tell you they seemed to enjoy the work. They "went" eagerly for those apples, ate them without peeling, and seemed to thrive very finely amidst their labors. But winter apples are worth thirty-five to fifty cents per bushel in market. The crop is large and fine.

GRAPES

Have sold at from one to three cents per pound, and at these rates have paid quite satisfactorily, when viewed as a fancy business.

THE WEATHER

Is very fine at present, though rather dry. We had a severe frost on the morning of the eleventh; since then, our western Indian summer. Four new railroads are now being built into Decatur, which gives our people plenty of paying employment, and is stiffening up the prices of farm produce considerably. JOHN DAVIS.

Box 50, Decatur, Ill., Oct. 21, 1872.

THE SEASON AND CROPS IN ESSEX COUNTY, MASS.

The year has been with us as with others a wet one. The swamps and marshes are filled with pools of water, and brooks that usually run slow and small at this time of the year, are full and noisy as in spring or early summer. The second growth of grass is rank, and will be a great protection to the roots during the winter. The hay crop was about an usual. Potatoes, very light; but do not rot badly. Upon one piece where we should have had fifty bushels, there were twelve bushels sizable ones, and eight small ones. Apples, a large crop in most orchards, but bring a good price, $2.00 a barrel, for No. 1, and are going up. They are not going to decay badly with us, I think. Vegetables, very light crops. Turnips, almost a total failure. Beets, very poor, corky and tough. Mangolds, pretty fair; worms troubled them some. We tried salting the heads. In some cases it killed worms, cabbages and all. Pear crop slim. Bartletts did pretty well, but decayed at the core. Duchess, fair crop and very nice. Louise Bonne de Jersey, light crop and poor fruit—choky and small. Lawrence, but few. Flemish Beauty, very poor and very few of them. Sheldon, pretty, however, unless better. Grapes, almost a failure; the vines badly winter killed; crop light; fruit of inferior size and poor quality, and flavor much impaired by the damp weather.

THE HORSE DISEASE

is the one topic of the day. A Sunday quietness broods over the town. A few more many horses are kept in the village, and there is usually much riding for pleasure as well as business. But few horses are now seen out. The daily express goes with only one, part of the time, and that a sick one, and the mail is carried in a light carriage, drawn by one horse, hired at Amesbury Mills, a distance of half a mile below West Amesbury. Grocers send out their goods in hand carts, and doctors walk their daily rounds.

Men will now learn, perhaps, how necessary an animal the horse is to them, and in future treat him with more consideration. We hardly realize how many blessings we enjoy unless deprived of them. S. B. SAWYER.

West Amesbury, Mass., Oct. 31, 1872.

VERMONT TURKEY AHEAD.

I see by the last FARMER that Elisha Jacobs, of West Scituate, Mass., had a turkey that laid ninety-four eggs in one hundred and nine days. I have a turkey that commenced to lay the 10th of May, and continued on till Oct. 25th, making one hundred and fifty-eight eggs in one hundred and sixty-five days. Any turkey that has done better in the same number of days ought to have credit.

Waterford, Vt., Nov. 5, 1872. C. D. HARRIS.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

—Elgin, Ill., ships its home made cheese to California and Utah.

—Ohio produced 9,071,603 pounds of cheese last year.

—One paper mill at Fort Edward, N. Y., uses 2000 tons of rye straw, paying $16 per ton for it at the farmers' barns.

—Five hundred bushels of corn were grown on eight acres of land at the Massachusetts Agricultural College farm this year.

—Freights from Champaign, Ill., are now eighty cents a hundred pounds, against forty and sixty cents when corn was worth twice and three times the present price.

—The Vermont Agricultural College fund, amounting to $135,000, is all invested in the Registered Loan of the State, and yields an income of $8,130.

—In 1770 appeared the army worm in New England. So numerous were the invaders that ditches, dug around fields, two feet wide and as many deep, were filled in a single night. The destruction to vegetation was fearful.

—The Danbury (Conn.) *News* says: "A North street man went off Saturday noon for a half day of fishing. When he returned he had walked thirteen miles, lost a $45 watch, sprained his thumb, spoiled an $11 pair of pants by sitting down on his luncheon, and caught a four-pound mud-turtle. He got back in time to help the doctor cut from his eldest boy's foot one of the several fishhooks he had left at home."

Correspondence.

For the New England Farmer.

"STAPLE" AND "FANCY" BUTTER.

Your correspondent, "J. R. W.," see FARMER, Oct. 19, article "Jersey Stock and Butter in Vermont," travels a long way out of his natural course to give me a thrust for saying that Jersey butter is not a staple but a fancy article. He labors hard to show that Mr. E. Wood, of Pomfret, is producing a staple article, for which I am sure Mr. Wood will not thank him. I had a conversation with Mr. W. on this subject only the day before the FARMER with J. R. W.'s article came to hand, and I am confident he does not care to have a reputation for producing a staple, in distinction from a fancy, article of butter.

Not long since, another correspondent was quite as sorely grieved, because I said that at the present prices of lands and labor in New England, one could not compete with the tillers of cheap Western lands in the production of staple articles, which bear transportation and long keeping; but that we must give attention to the production of fancy goods, which will command a ready sale and quick consumption, and for the production and sale of which our proximity to the great cities place us beyond the competition of the more remote districts.

An old schoolmaster used to say, that quarrels, lawsuits and wars would be much less frequent if people only understood the terms which they use in their intercourse with one another. Perhaps my critics and I would be able to reconcile our differences by reference to some good authority, for the purpose of learing what the terms "staple" and "fancy" mean, and as I keep Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, for a shield and buckler, in such cases, I beg leave to quote from it. After the etymological explanation of the term, and two or three definitions which have become obsolete, we have the following definitions of "staple," as a noun, in which sense I used it.

3. A principal commodity or production of a country or district.

4. Hence, the principle element; the chief ingredient; the most important item.

5. Unmanufactured material; raw material.

There are still others, but they are remote from the discussion, and we omit them. As an adjective, the only definition that in any manner hits our case is, "regularly produced or made for market; chief; principal; as, staple commodities."

"Fancy" is defined, "adapted to please the fancy or taste." This is absolutely the only definition of fancy that can in any way be applied to the case under consideration.

Now the butter that I called staple, in the letter from which I suppose J. R. W. quotes, is the regular product of nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand dairies of the country, and is the only article of butter that finds its way into the open markets; while the article that he so unwittingly attempted to bolster up is the product of the few, and generally goes directly from the producer to the consumer, and at prices very much above what it would fetch if put upon the market as a staple. What other designation so appropriate for it as fancy?

I have a large number of different articles in print, some of which have been floating around the country in newspapers of every grade for years, without credit, commending the production of such commodities as would gratify the taste of consumers, and pay the producer a better profit. I commend the production of fancy butter to every man in New England, who will take the pains to make it well and sell it well. But for those dairymen who keep a large number of cows, and put up their butter in the ordinary market packages, and sell it in the country markets, to undertake the production of Jersey butter at the present cost of Jersey cows, would be the height of folly. It would not command an additional price of five cents in a pound over our Franklin County article; indeed, I much question whether it would outsell it at all.

Because I have at times alluded in our local county paper to the Jersey butter as prepared for the tables of those who are willing to pay a good price for it, and as shown in other fairs, as superior, especially in a pecuniary sense, to our ordinary staple, and as nothing of the kind is shown in our fairs, I simply made the exception without reflecting in any manner upon its merits.

No butter was exhibited at our fair, except the ordinary Franklin County staple, put up in the ordinary market packages; and lest somebody should charge me with exaggeration, I desire to leave no gap open to them. I have some little knowledge of the butter markets in all of the large cities of this country, north of a line running due West from Washington to the Mississippi, and of the supply; and more than that,—of the manner of producing most of it,—and yet I never knew before that "Jersey butter," put up to order in four ounce packages, was considered *the* staple article of butter. O. S. B.

Georgia, Vt., Oct. 19, 1872.

For the New England Farmer.

MAINE CORRESPONDENCE.

The autumn session of the Maine Board of Agriculture was held at Skowhegan, Kennebec County, Oct. 8–11. But little more than half the members of the Board were present, and the meeting failed to call out any considerable number of farmers. The place of the meeting is in the heart of the Kennebec valley, and within convenient reach are located many of the best farmers in the State. Yet *very few* of them put in an appearance. This was unexpected by the members of the Board, and the disappointment fell like a wet blanket on all the business of the meeting. Heretofore the meetings have increased in interest from year to year, as the aims and purposes of the Board were better understood.

The papers read before the convention were fully up to the average standard of former sessions. No speakers from abroad were secured for this session. A leading subject for consideration, previously announced, was "Whether the changes which have taken place in farm management the last ten to twenty years are such as fully correspond to the changes which have taken place in the laws of demand and supply." Carefully prepared papers, bearing upon this subject, were read by S. L. Goodale, Secretary of the Board, and by the President, Z. A. Gilbert. It was desired by the officers to elicit a full and free discussion of this subject, believing it to be one of vital importance to Maine, but none were present outside the members, to participate in it; therefore, for the time, it was passed by. One able lecture was delivered by Hon. C. J. Morris of Portland, in the course of which the capabilities of Maine as an agricultural State were forcibly brought out. S. L. Boardman of the *Maine Farmer*, member of the Board at large, delivered a well-prepared lecture on the Influence of the Agricultural Press. Other equally valuable, but briefer papers were read by Wm. Berritt of Oxford, J. W. Lang, Waldo, H. Colburn, Kennebec, A. L. Simpson, Penobscot, and G. E. Brackett, Ex-member from Waldo. The only discussion of importance was upon the breeding and feeding of farm stock, participated in by S. W. Coburn, Skowhegan, and by several members of the Board well posted in such matters.

A call was made for a meeting on the last day of the session of the fruit growers of the State, for the purpose, if deemed desirable, of organizing a State Pomological Society, and also to discuss the merits of new and rare kinds of fruit, specimens of which those interested were invited to bring for examination. A few of the prominent fruit growers of the State responded to the call and were present, but it was decided not to organize a society without a sufficient interest was manifested to warrant the conclusion that it would be a *living, active* society, powerful for good. A committee was chosen to present the subject to the fruit growers of the State the coming winter, and call a meeting in connection with the next session of the Board. Much valuable information about varieties of apples and pears was brought out, and several promising new kinds were brought prominently to notice.

During the meeting a short time was given to a hearing on the subject of the crops of the season, in the several counties in the State. Nearly every county was reported, and a good idea of the crops of the State was gained. Hay in several counties was reported a full average crop, notwithstanding the bad condition of grass fields in early spring. Other counties are below an average. There is much more hay in the State than can be consumed the coming winter by the small amount of stock now in the State. Wheat, a bountiful crop, and a larger breadth sown than for many years. Corn good, not as much planted as usual. Oats enormously heavy, save in a portion of the eastern part of the State, where spring rains prevented early sowing. Potatoes not over half a crop,—in the great potato producing sections rotted badly; on the high rolling lands of the western part of the State, but little damaged by rot. Apples exceedingly abundant in all sections, save a portion of Kennebec and in Waldo counties, where a good crop was harvested last year. Pastures have been good and stock has grown exceedingly well. Dairies have produced a large product, and very satisfactory prices have been received for the same.

The Autumn Fairs

are now all over for the season. Farmers have taken an unusual interest in these exhibitions, and the shows in all departments have been well filled. There is a "crop" of oxen—still young—coming up, which bids fair to outshine the noble animals which figured so largely before the hay famine. Blood stock, and high grade animals from the same, are largely on the increase. Though the contributions to the fairs have been so numerous, the attendance has been sadly interfered with by the bad weather. Financially they have not been successful. Many Societies find their receipts fall short of the expenditures.

The Weather

since the middle of August has been exceedingly bad for out-door work on the farm. Much rain, much cloudy weather, and very few days of sunshine, describes it exactly. The consequence has been that not only has the work of harvesting been greatly retarded, but the ordinary work of the farm, which should have been completed in the time, still remains undone. But little fall ploughing has been done, and but little manure carted. Many farms are so wet and soft that teams cannot be driven into the field. On such it will be impossible to do this fall the usual work of the season.

State Fair.

It is well known that the bad weather during the week of the State Fair, interfered with the attendance to such an extent, that the receipts did not cover the expenses. The Society has no accumulated funds to fall back on. Notwithstanding this embarrassing condition, the trustees have generously come forward, and have raised money on their private paper sufficient to meet all demands, and are now paying the premiums awarded in full. Such action is deserving the thanks of the Society, as well as the thanks of those who are thus enabled to receive their premiums.

Nov. 1, 1872. G.

For the New England Farmer.

DIG DEEPER FOR THE WATER PIPES.

Please allow an old Doctor to tell your readers what ails a vast proportion of his patients. Farmers everywhere are failing up, just now, and if one has a bit of cough, as many are apt to have at this season, why they no doubt have "the distemper;" and a poor man, yes, and a rich one too, must draw his own cart. How men do value the services of this God-given animal just now! But my patients are of a different sort.

"The water has stopped and you must come and see what ails it." Sick water pipes that won't work afflict many a household, and barnhold too; and at this season of the year the prudent farmer, if he has not already done so, is busy trying to heal broken pipes.

Last evening, on counting over my list of patients all waiting for the "Dr.," I find twenty-five names, and I must give each of them a call as their turn comes on the docket. Of this number not less than one-half the trouble comes from want of *thoroughness* when laying new water pipes. If lead pipe is used, as in a majority of cases it is, too light pipes and too near the surface—shallow ditches and pennywise pipes—make a world of trouble with my water."

Why will men be so foolish as to grumble at the first cost, and then put in a pipe so as to repeat the first cost every year or two in repairs?

Mother earth has a warm heart, but it don't lay on the surface. Dig, and you will find it. Dig deep and put in a good pipe, whether of lead, cement, or wood, and your work will not have to be done over again for many years.

In a single season recently, five thousand dollars would not make good to this town the actual loss in time, labor, and stock, from stoppage of water during the winter and spring months, at farm buildings, and all, or very nearly all, from the above mentioned cause. *Half done* was what ailed those patients. What is true in this town is also true in a great many others. The disease is a widespread one, and yet, strange to say, in most cases the pipe is simply repaired and put back no deeper than before, to repeat the same over again.

If it were possible to prevent the manufacture of a pipe less in weight than three-fourths of a pound for five-eighths calibre, and a pound per foot for half inch lead pipe, and larger in proportion, and then if every man would put it down not less than *four feet* anywhere, and deeper in dry sand or gravel in proportion to its exposure, there would be little trouble.

If wood is used, it should not be nearer the surface; for though it may not *burst* by freezing, it will as surely *stop* by freezing, and will rot much quicker than if not exposed to the surface changes of temperature.

Having been a practical mechanic in this line twenty-three years, and having laid miles of pipes of various descriptions, and set hydraulic rams enough if placed in a continuous line of operation to supply the Summit House on Mount Washington with running water, I am sound and sure convinced of the truth of the old adage that "what is once *well* done, is twice done," in the line of water fixtures. Many argue that if water *runs*, it will not freeze. Very true; but if it is cold enough to freeze, it won't *run*. How can a stream, say of half an inch, pass one hundred or more rods, requiring some minutes, in a thin pipe enclosed in earth frozen as hard as earthen ware,

New England Farmer.

BOSTON:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1872.

FIRE!

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Although fortunate in escaping actual loss by the flames of Saturday night, in either of our offices, yet we cannot escape the results of so general a calamity, and we shall need every dollar we can collect from our subscribers, for months to come.

Look at your date, and if in arrears send us what is our due, including, if you please, the amount necessary to carry your subscription a year in advance. Say a good word for the FARMER to your neighbor, and get him to join you in subscribing for what we endeavor to maintain as a leading paper in its class, and thereby aid us to increase our list of subscribers and our ability to carry out our plans for the future. *Send your money for next year*, without waiting to be called upon, and make your advance payments agree with the spirit and meaning of the term.

Money orders or registered letters are the safest means of sending money by mail.

R. P. EATON & CO.,
34 Merchants Row,
BOSTON, Mass.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements, 1st insertion, . . .	15 cents per line
Each subsequent insertion, . . .	12 " " "
Business Notices, each insertion, . .	20 " " "
Double Column, " "	40 " " "
Reading Matter Notices, ...	50 " " "

Cuts, double price for space occupied.

Advertisements must be sent in as early in the week as Tuesday, to secure insertion.

Advertisers are charged for the space occupied in solid nonpareil measure.

Transient advertising must be prepaid.

Extra display, including double column advertisements, and appropriate cuts, allowed at reasonable rates.

No advertisement inserted for less than one dollar, and no gift enterprises, lottery swindle, or any other humbug taken at any price.

Special terms for Probate and Farm Advertising.

☞ The above are *net* prices for all advertising less than $100 in amount.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Foreign news is not specially important. A liquor riot is reported in Exeter, England. The English press comment on our Presidential election. England and Portugal are to submit to arbitration on the colonial question, and have referred the matter to President Thiers. The Germans have completed the evacuation of the Department of Marne, and there were great rejoicings in the city of Rheims in consequence. Thirty-eight miners were killed by an explosion of fire damp at Monceaux, France, and twenty-one by the failure of the lowering machinery in a Belgian mine. The Spanish government have discovered and suppressed another conspiracy, fostered by the Internationalists. The Carlists have captured a government carrier near Figueras. A town in Italy was destroyed by a hurricane, on the 5th, and thirty-two persons killed.

Our own home news—the story of the great conflagration which has swept over the business part of our city—overshadows every and all other topics. Estimates show that some 1000 firms are burnt out, and the total losses are variously placed at from $80,000,000 to more than three times that sum. $100,000,000 will probably be a fair estimate for the loss on real estate and personal property. We refer our readers to other columns for the details.

A terrible murder was committed in this city last week. Mr. Abijah Ellis was killed, his head and legs cut off, packed in two barrels and thrown into Charles river, where it was found near Cambridge. A man named Alley, a teamster, has been arrested on very strong circumstantial evidence, and committed for trial.

The weather has been quite fair during the week, until Tuesday night, when we had quite a rain, with a high wind. Tuesday was quite warm. There are indications of more rain as we write, Wednesday morning.

OUR CALAMITY.

Before this reaches our readers, the news of our great disaster will have penetrated every corner of our land, and none will need to be told that Boston has met with a reverse which nothing but courageous determination and invincible energy can overcome. Years must pass before many who contributed themselves wealthy last Saturday afternoon can replace the property destroyed in a few brief but terrible hours. Nothing like the dread conflagration has ever visited New England—Chicago alone affords a parallel to our calamity. But, as in the case of Chicago, the same spirit of cheerfulness under disaster animates our business men, and but a brief time will elapse before we shall see the broad acres, now covered with a mass of smoking ruins obliterating every trace of streets and every familiar landmark, again the scene of active commerce, with streets rectified and widened and buildings vieing in beauty and substantialness with those which have been the pride of our city but are now in ashes.

We give a lengthy account of the great fire, in another place, for many of the items in which we are indebted to the reports in the *Advertiser* and *Journal*.

One word to all readers. The greatest help to every business man in Boston, those who escaped no less than those who have lost everything they had—the greatest help, we say, and the one which will be appreciated with the most heartfelt satisfaction, is that *every man who owes a dollar*, be the sum large or small, to any one doing business here, should at once cancel his indebtedness by a remittance; and should take special pains to meet promptly all notes and other obligations as they come due. With the most earnest exertions, great embarrassment in financial matters cannot be avoided. Business relations are so intricate and so widely extended, that those who escaped the fire feel, and severely, the embarrassment of their less fortunate brother merchants.

We rejoice to note in the morning papers that many of our leading merchants are already resuming business, and notifying their customers where they can be found. Applications have already been made for leave to erect buildings in the devastated territory. The City authorities have in consideration the plan of newly laying out the streets in the burnt district, when they will be widened and straightened, and precautions taken against the possible recurrence of such a calamity.

In our distress, the welcome sympathy and offers of assistance came freely from our sister cities, and Boston feels deeply the kindness which prompts the offer. Chicago, not yet recovered from her own calamity, sends us $200,000, and there is every evidence that all required assistance will be freely and promptly furnished our merchants and that the rebuilding of Boston will be paralleled only by that of Chicago.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Our details concerning the late election are crowded out by matter of more immediate importance to our readers—especially as we were enabled to state the result in our last. At present it appears that the Republicans have gained a more complete victory even than the first dispatches indicated. A New York dispatch of the 9th says:—

From the latest tables made up of the result of the late election in all the States it is now estimated that Grant has carried thirty-one States, receiving a popular majority of 747,673, the electoral vote numbering 504. Greeley carried five States: Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Missouri, receiving a popular majority of 55,000, his electoral vote amounting to 64. Texas, with eight votes, has not yet been heard from, the four days' election of that State closing Thursday evening. It is conceded to Greeley, making his total vote 62.

The gain in Members of Congress will nearly or quite give the Republicans a two-thirds majority in the House.

Terrible Conflagration!

The Heaviest Business Portion of Boston in Ashes.

Nearly all the Wholesale and Jobbing Dry Goods Houses Burned.

The Boot and Shoe Houses, the Wool Commission Houses, and many of the large Iron and Steel Warehouses Consumed.

Banks, Insurance Offices, and Newspaper Establishments Destroyed.

AN AWFUL CALAMITY!

On Saturday evening, Nov. 9, there commenced, in this city, a conflagration which proved, for extent of territory covered and amount of property destroyed, without a parallel in our history, or, with a single exception, that of any other American city. The following account made up from the *Advertiser*, will give as correct an idea of the great fire as is possible in our limited space:—

The Start of the Fire.

The first alarm was given at a quarter-past seven o'clock, and a second, third and fourth followed as quickly as possible. The fire caught first in the engine-room and ran up the elevator with terrible rapidity so that the flames were first discovered bursting from the windows in the mansard roof of the large four-story new granite building on the corner of Kingston and Summer streets. It was numbered 87, 89 and 91 Summer street, and extended back on Kingston about one hundred feet. The lower floor and the basement were occupied by Messrs. Tebbetts, Baldwin & Davis, wholesale dry-goods dealers; the second and third stories by Damon, Temple & Co., dealers in hosiery, gloves, laces and small wares; the fourth and upper stories by A. K. Young, corset and hoop-skirt maker. The fire ran from window to window with frightful rapidity. In ten minutes flames were bursting from every opening in the roof, and in ten minutes more volumes and waves of flame were rolling out from every window in the third story with such terrible force that the fate of the building was decided. Yet there was not a spark in the air as yet nor a suspicion of a breeze, not even the smallest flaw of flame had appeared on any other building. Nevertheless it was evident even then that there was no hope of saving any buildings because the fire was up above the reach of the firemen. No stream of any magnitude can be carried above the fifth story by an ordinary engine, except under the most favorable circumstances. Every hydrant in the vicinity had been called into active service, and the pressure correspondingly diminished. Then too the hot flame and the rarified air made a breeze which warded off the best directed streams. So it was that the fire ran briskly round the cornices and playfully skipped from one window to another entirely undisturbed and regardless of the streams which all but reached them. The heat from the building in which the fire caught was terrible and engineers could only stand at the engines for a minute or two at a time, and not even that unless wet down thoroughly by hand hose. Meanwhile another fireman prone in the gutter was plying the hand hose on the hydrant pipe to keep the flames from attacking them.

The Next Step of the Flames.

About eight o'clock, soon after the first store was completely enveloped in flames the heated window casings of the opposite store on Summer street, Nos. 66, 68, 70, and 72 of precisely similar construction, gave way and the little flames began running along from one window-sill to another. It went around the corner almost like a flash, but was stayed a little when it reached the corner of the building on Otis street. Even then before it had descended to the fourth story it was so hot that no one could pass along the street with impunity. It soon gained headway and reached Winthrop block, the magnificent granite structure owned by J. M. Beebe, and the finest block of stores in the city. Here Haughton, Perkins, Wood & Co. had $800,000 worth of goods, and Anderson, Hemenway & Co. a magnificent stock of dress goods, worth a million and a half, might have been bought for old rags. The fire ran round the eaves, descended to the next story, and within fifteen minutes was coming down the broad stairway like a stream of molten lava. Already the heat from the immense pile was such that the firemen were erecting barricades from behind which they did what little they could to diminish the flames, but they were soon driven out of their forts. A burning board was carried across Devonshire street, lodging in the window opposite Anderson, Heath & Co.'s, and the block was soon in flames. Meanwhile on Summer street the fire was slowly but with terrible certainty moving down the street, which ran rivers of water, and a rain of water was dashed back from the buildings with a vivolence excelling that of any rain storm. Now the coals began to fly, and drove every one but the firemen from the streets.

The Wool Houses Caught.

Extending along Devonshire street, the clothing house of Kneeland, Harding & Richardson afforded a splendid avenue, and the fire swept through the long passage-ways, coming out at the rear end which fronts on Federal street, and communicating with the wool houses alongside. Here it fairly revelled in destruction, and raised a breeze which swept a cloud of dust, dirt and coals up the street, in which no human being could live. There was no time lost here; the only thing was to flee for one's life, and that was done quickly.

From eleven o'clock until midnight the fire made terrible headway. The efforts of the firemen seemed to be baffled and fruitless. On every hand the flames were sweeping away the most superb warehouses and the stanchest business blocks in the city. Summer street, and Summer street from Hawley street to Church Green were one great mass of flame. The fire did not so move so fast down Kingston street. A huge force of steamers was put to work in Avon place, Bedford street and the streets farther east, and thus opposed a great check was applied to the southerly course of the conflagration, although it was hours afterwards before the firemen felt sure that at last they had won a foothold against the flames.

The huge mass of flame which rose from the acres of roofing now ablaze illuminated up the heavens until every tower and steeple glowed with a lurid and unearthly beauty. A vast cloud of cinders that rose from the great caldron of fire was carried out upon the waters of the bay, covering all the intermediate property between Otis street and the Hartford and Erie wharves. The great pillars of flame which loomed far above the burning buildings admonished the inhabitants of that large and thickly-settled section known as the South Cove that their household goods were in danger, and a general movement of furniture and all portable property into the streets and southward began. The fact that many of the people in this section are very poor did not prevent them from engaging with such means as they could get in the effort to save their goods and chattels.

A wooden building on the corner of Summer and Lincoln streets was consumed like a veritable tinder-box, which indeed it was. Gathering vehemence as they progressed, the flames now began to run down High street, having enveloped the splendid block of granite stores on the site of Daniel Webster's late residence. At the same time the Hartford and Erie Railroad buildings caught fire from the sparks which descended upon them, and being of wood they were speedily aflame. Then all the buildings on Federal street from High street to Broad were burning, and as the great torrent of flame swept out from the doomed territory, and cast a shining radiance over the water, a dull, angry roar was heard to issue from them, which fairly struck terror to stout hearts. All the vessels at the contiguous wharves, on whose decks the sparks now began to fall in showers were pushed out of the reach of the conflagration.

About midnight the flames, which continued to gather energy as they rushed on, had envoloped the buildings on both sides of High sreet, down to the corner of Congress steet. The astounding rapidity with which the new brick and granite blocks in that vicinity were gutted by the fire convinced all who saw them that Pearl street as well as High and Congress Sts. was doomed to quick destruction. It was truly terrible to witness such substantial and costly blocks, as the granite buildings occupied by Wm. B. Spooner & Company on Congress street, succumb to the flames. The fire seemed to attack these structures with equal readiness at every point, and whether the horrid touch of the fire was first in front or in the rear, or on the roof, they appeared to fade away before it. There was something tigerish in the rush of the flames through and over the great shoe and leather stores, and when it reached the wool stores, their force was accelerated seven-fold.

At one o'clock, it became evident to those who were on this side of the fire that a solid mass of flame a quarter of a mile in width was moving up toward State street, and parallel with it. What the result was to be no one could tell, and it was plain to see that the last stand against the northward course of the flames must be made along State street. There, if ever, could their progress be stayed, though it might be hours before the critical moment arrived. Long before midnight the tongues of fire from the burning buildings on Arch street had leaped across Hawley street and attacked the handsome semicircular block of dry goods warehouses on Franklin street in the rear centre. The fire cut its way through the block with wonderful celerity. From that time the destruction of the remainder of the block to the corner of Winthrop square was but the matter of half an hour, and then the beautiful cathedral pile on the easterly side of Winthrop square was quick to follow. The fire took first on the roof and speedily eat its way down to the basement. From the point on Franklin street above, where it had cut through from Hawley street, it soon caught on the opposite side, and the firemen were driven out into Devonshire street and into Washington street.

From one to two o'clock the fire was at its height. While it had progressed so rapidly in the direction of State street on the one side and Washington street on the other, it had continued its course up Summer street taking in the Mercantile building, and then grand old Trinity Church, while also burning with less energy the buildings on the other side of the street. Then it began to be feared that the long line of steamers in Washington street even could not stem the tide of fire, and if they could not then Tremont street and all the buildings between School street and Winter street were doomed, and Heaven only could know where and when the devastation would stop!

Washington Street Reached!

As the hour of midnight approached and the great light which now cast its mighty glare over the whole city, and for scores of miles the country around grew constantly brighter, a strange and sudden change began to come over the centre of the city. During the first hours of the conflagration its progress was watched by thousands of spectators who thronged the streets between Tremont and Washington, and gathered in great crowds on the Common and there obtained a view of it. A very large proportion of the spectators were ladies, and as the hour of eleven passed most of these retired to their homes, and the streets were for a short time clearer than they had been. But soon from every direction came a great and excited company of men, whose interest in the event of the night was no idle or speculative curiosity, but a sharp, masterful fact—a consideration of property, business and profit. They came from every direction in rapid-moving throngs and after them came a large force of drays and one-horse teams to do their bidding. There was no room in the narrow streets for loiterers now. The fire was already setting its teeth upon the rear walls of the stores on the east side of Washington street, and on both sides doors were burst open and hundreds of stalwart arms bent to the work of relieving these establishments of their most valuable contents. Every sort of vehicle that could be obtained was brought into use, and the ponderous drays were allowed to move freely all along the street, over the hose lines and among the engines, for the sake of rescuing such property as it was possible to save. Many of the dealers on the upper side of Washington street took like precautions. Rough looking express wagons were driven away from the bookstores full of the choicest works of standard literature, and commission buildings, thrown in helter-skelter. Other teams carried away the contents of carpet stores and the various retail establishments. This being continued for two hours, while the fire was raging most terribly, caused the principal streets, so brilliantly illuminated, to have the appearance of life and bustle usually presented at midday.

Passing along the streets where the water ran from the dripping hose in torrents under foot, while the fire gleamed with a horrid glare overhead and wild shouts filled the air, scores of men on both sides of Washington street were seen to be full of men hurrying to and fro, in obedience to the directions of proprietors, and arranging the contents for sudden and immediate removal. The fire kept on and began to break through the rear walls of the stores between Franklin street and the Old South. By three o'clock both the buildings on the corner of Franklin street were enveloped in flames, and all the efforts of the firemen were bent toward saving the Marlborough Hotel, which several times caught fire, but came through with little damage. The clothing establishment of Jacobs & Deane and the magnificent store of Macullar, Williams & Parker.

At this time it appeared by no means certain that the firemen would be able to shield the upper side of Washington street, and the people who inhabit Montgomery place, Province street and court and vicinity prepared for early and hasty departure. Many of them took out their goods and placed them in the Old Granary burying ground and on the Common. On the other extreme of the field of fire a similar operation was going on. The hundreds of people who still inhabit the dwelling houses that are left below Pearl street on the Fort Hill territory were forced to convey their goods and chattels to the open space in that vicinity, which by day-break was almost completely covered with vagrant furniture.

At an early hour in the morning a company of marines arrived from Charlestown and took up their position on Washington street, where they were heartily cheered by the silent and sympathetic spectators. Mr. Damrell telegraphed during the night to all the principal points available, and even to New York, for help, and at 5.30 A. M. an engine from Portsmouth put in an appearance, having come on a special train. Engines from Providence were also on hand in good season. At daybreak, which was at six o'clock, the fire was completely encircled by a line of engines, all of which were hard at work to prevent the spreading of the fire. It was, thank heaven, a gallant and winning fight on Washington street. The buildings continued from 3 to 6 A. M. to burn through and fall in, frequently endangering the lives of the brave men who were tending the engines but a few feet distant. But the fire never fairly got a foothold on the upper side, and so confidence became again partly restored, and there was less danger of a panic. By daylight, too, the fire was fully in hand from the corner of Summer and Washington streets down along its southern line, and only continued to rage with unabated fury on the State street side, and down Milk street toward Broad. It was for a long time a question whether the new *Transcript* building on Washington street, near the corner of Milk, would be destroyed. A dozen times it seemed on fire, and yet the flames kept off and and did not devour it. But the fire continued to rage on Hawley street, and burned up against the rear of the *Transcript* building fiercely. The firemen could not save it.

Far greater was the interest which hinged on the fate of the Old South Church, which thousands believed to be doomed, and if that once got fairly on fire, it seemed possible, and indeed probable, that the fire might march on uninterrupted across Washington street to Court street. The extinction of the flames on the buildings on the other side of Milk street, prevented this terrible expansion of the disaster. The new post office building formed an effective barrier to the flames below that point, and shielded the magnificent new Rialto building on the Simmons estate on Devonshire street. But through the tinder boxes on Congress street, adjacent to the new post office and down Milk street and around to Water street the flames seemed to move unimpeded. Thus the destruction on Congress street and Kilby street was far greater than on Devonshire street, where the fine building of the Boston Post was saved in spite of the burning of the half completed block on the Simmons estate below it. Along the northerly side of Water street, below the Post building, around through Liberty square and down among the oil and crockery stores in Milk street, the fire was still spreading rapidly when the full light of day overcame and dispelled the red glare of fire which had enshrouded the city during the livelong night.

The Fire Checked.

Of the final struggle with the fire, the *Journal* says:—

Congress Square, at 11 o'clock Sunday morning, presented a lively aspect. Parties were busy, with teams, hand-barrows, &c., in removing their goods as best they might, the flames having burst through the high brownstone building at the southern end of the square, occupied by C. D. Head, F. H. Perkins and Sam. Q. Cochrane, wine importers, and others, and spread into the granite building on the opposite side of the narrow passageway, known as Congress block. Here the firemen made a stand, and the flames being stopped at that direction, made their way through the building fronting on Post Office avenue into the roof and upper stories of the old Post Office building and Merchants' Exchange, which were soon in a blaze. Lines of hose were run up by way of the long granite staircase on the State street front and immense quantities of water were thrown on the burning masses, but it was not until nearly one o'clock that any one could say with certainty that the progress of the flames had been brought to a standstill in that direction.

Noon of Sunday was nearly reached before people could feel that the fire was really under power of the firemen. Then the destroyer had moved its front in the face of the wind a third of a mile from where it started on Summer street, through the noble edifices of trade on the avenues of Devonshire, Congress, Kilby and Batterymarch streets, and directly on towards the wealth contained in the State street vaults. The old Post Office had become a thing for it to feed upon, but this was the only building having a State street frontage that had been reached by the flames. The powers of the weary firemen had been strained to their greatest extent, and it often, before ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon, looked as if there was no such thing as checking the conflagration without blowing up the structures that bordered it. A fire eating to windward is a stubborn foe to close up, especially with such a body of heat in rear of it.

At one time it had, by sudden starts, made bold pushes in a northwesterly direction, and the proprietors on Washington street looked upon their buildings as fated, but as often as the flames showed a turn in their course, so often would the engineers direct their forces to meet it; until finally at about 12 o'clock the department had effected a stand on the south and water sides.

The heat was intense all about the burned district, but the greater lay out of the streets on which were the closing scenes, gave the firemen at times a good screen. Still there was danger of getting too near and being attacked in some unexpected quarters by means of the irregularity of the streets. Many a fireman down in this northern part of the burning district had to drop his pipe or length of hose, and leaving them to the mercy of the flames, rush precipitately away. So hard was the fight, and so dogged was the zeal and perseverance of the hosemen and pipemen, that it was supposed by their directors that a large number of accidents occurred. But at one o'clock not more than half a dozen places in this section sent forth the sounds of the crackling flames, and upon these were the streams of a large number of engines directed.

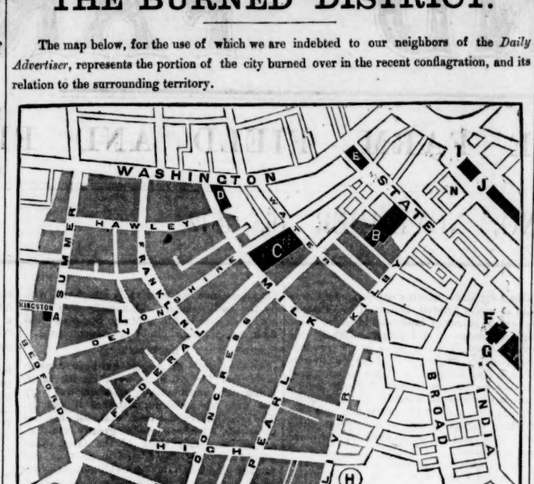
About 11 o'clock, on the southwest corner of Congress street, the wall of a large brick building fell. This added to the danger of the whole place, and with promptitude the streams of Steamer No. 1 of Chelsea were directed upon the breach. The flames, however, did get into the block occupied by L. Brigham, E. J. Andrews and others, on the east side of the court, and attacked the cornice and coving of the very tall block having a front at 22 Devonshire street. The last was occupied by the firms styled Samuel Q. Cochrane on the first, and C. D. Head and F. H. Perkins on the upper floors. From the lower windows of this block, a stream of water was pointed upon the Brigham black, while from the square was forced the water into the breach between, and from a neighboring roof the water that extinguished the fire in the cornice and coving of the taller building. The spectacle here was quite grand immediately after the rattling down of the corner wall. Up to that time the department had had no good chance to work from the court, but now they rushed in their lines of hose. A new guard of the soldiery was sent to hold the entrance; the crowds who were tempting destruction by falling brick were hurried back by the police and police, and the volumes of water in streams and spray mingled with the dense volumes of smoke and sparks that rolled above the flames, which leaped their forked tongues from around the ragged monuments of masonry, tottering in the whirring, monstrous furnace. Gradually this basement fire, and that proceeding from each story in the block on the east side of the court, succombed to the men at work upon them.

State street, looking down from Congress square, presented a scene never before witnessed in Boston. Every hydrant and manhole to the water sources had attached to it some piece of department apparatus, with busy firemen at work about it; upon the pavement was a network of hose; firemen were rushing here and there; policemen were doing their duty singly or in squads; soldiers were standing guard about the Union building, which covers the large vaults holding the millions and millions of dollars of the treasures of merchants, stock operators and speculators of the city and State, the Sub-Treasury of the United States, bank buildings and association vaults on the street. Infantry were stationed at the head and foot of the street, and at its intersections, to prevent those without permit from entering the street, and added to all this action of humanity and machinery were the cries and shouts of the firemen and the puffing and snorting of the steam engines. The patrolling of the street was finely done, and as it gave additional security against loss of life, it also greatly aided the firemen in the performance of their work.

The last and only permanent check to the fire was effected just as it had reached the northern side of Lindall street. But in getting there it had sprung upon the old Post-office and the Sub-treasury, in the Merchants' Exchange building. This was reached by the roof and upper windows, and, in its partly demolished state, now marks the extreme progress of the fire northward. The last buildings on the north end of Congress street branded by the fire are the brick and stone building on the northeast corner of Post Office avenue and the street occupied by Fogg, Bro. & Co., Gardner & Co. and others and the block of stores on the opposite side. This left in reality but two whole buildings on the street, and these have their fronts on State street.

THE BURNED DISTRICT.

The map below, for the use of which we are indebted to our neighbors of the *Daily Advertiser*, represents the portion of the city burned over in the recent conflagration, and its relation to the surrounding territory.



The shaded portion indicates the burnt district. Prominent buildings which were *not* destroyed are distinguished by black. The references are as follows:—

A—Building in which the fire began.
B—Merchants Exchange and Post Office.
C—New Post Office.
D—Old South Church.
E—Old State House.
F—Custom House.
G—State Street Block.
H—Fort Hill.
I—Faneuil Hall.
J—Quincy Market.
K—B. H. & E. R. R. wharf.
L—Winthrop Square.
N—New England Farmer.

The street with smoking, steaming, barricade of heavy blocks of granite and mason work, was a sad spectacle and of course was beyond even recognition as a former thoroughfare from the Post Office avenue southward. The battle with the flames there was admirably conducted.

The fire made its last determined fight in the locality referred to, and then was conquered. As the flames ceased to rise over the mass, the blackened shapes of the ruins were only distinguished in their cloaks of smoke by the brands of fire not yet smothered by the water. This too was guarded by sentinels, for the protection of life and property, and so were the intersecting lines of State and Kilby and State and Broad streets. The picture through this section was constantly changing, either by the change of positions for the steamers, guards, driving out of people, or the appearance and disappearance of the illumination. The Kilby street part of the fire in the north district succumbed before that in Liberty square, so that in noting the really last scenes of the conflagration, Liberty square comes next in order. One could not possibly have recognized it, standing with his back to the north line. There were the facades of one block and parts of walls of others standing, but the avenues leading out of it, with the exception of Batterymarch street and the continuation of Water to Broad street, were all wiped out, or rather filled up with the ruins, giving the appearance rather more of a mammoth stoneyard in confusion than anything else. The last business house burned was that of the Boston Dyewood and Chemical Company, and this was so handled by the department that the fire did not spread to the east side of Batterymarch street. When these last described localities were under control, the life of the greatest fire ever happening on the Eastern coast was virtually subdued.

Rekindling of the Conflagration.

At about 12 o'clock, Sunday night, the gas from the supply pipes in the stores of W. R. Storms & Co., and R. H. Sterns & Co., at the upper and southerly end of Summer street, having been running for hours, suddenly exploded, knocking out into the street the entire front wall of the building and setting the premises again on fire. From Storms's establishment the flames speedily communicated to the extensive building on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, occupied on the ground floor by Messrs. Shreve, Crump & Low, jewellers and dealers in elegant gas fixtures. The upper stories were occupied by Wheeler & Wilson, sewing machine warerooms; Lowell & Brett, engravers, and by two or three custom tailors.

The efforts to stay the progress of the devouring element were unavailing, and in less than half an hour the magnificent block on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, was fated. The Park House was close to the rear of the burning building, while Jordan, Marsh & Co.'s retail store, at immense structure, stood only forty feet distant from the hottest of the fire. Just at this point the efforts of the firemen seemed to be concentrated. The range of three story brick buildings lately occupied by Jordan & Marsh, but within a few days taken possession of by Crosby & Morse, who were to throw the whole into a grand store in connection with their Washington-street establishment, took fire and were very soon in flames. All the people occupying buildings on Avon street were promptly ordered by the firemen and police first to extinguish the gas and then to vacate their houses as soon as possible, as explosions similar to the one in Summer street and elsewhere were likely to occur. At this time the flames from the rear of the burning buildings were breaking over the Park House in Central Court, and threatening to communicate with the immense building of Jordan, Marsh & Co. The scene beggars description. Men, women and children were fleeing in every direction, half frantic with fright, and looking only for personal safety. The Adams House proved itself a house of refuge for many who were destitute. Mrs. Martha Woodson and her aged mother occupied a room in the second story of the Shreve, Crump & Low building. They were awakened by the explosion, and the daughter, in her bewilderment, jumped to the sidewalk, receiving severe bruises and burns. Her mother perished in the flames. The occurrence of this explosion necessitated the shutting off the gas throughout the city, and, for a time, Boston was left in darkness. The telegraph offices were shut up and candles were in general use everywhere.

By strenuous exertions the firemen succeeded in stopping the fire before it reached the store of Jordan & Marsh. The store of Hovey & Co. was also saved. The other buildings were destroyed. This disaster adds about another million to the losses.

The Amount of our Loss.

The actual loss in property is hard to state, so widely do different estimates vary. The *Advertiser*, whose figures are the lowest given, says:—

The region covered by the fire was entirely within wards five and four, including about one-half of the territory of the former and some two or three acres of the latter,—a space in all very nearly the same as that occupied by ward three. The area of the burnt district will be found, when carefully estimated, slightly to exceed sixty-four acres, or 2,787,840 square feet. The structures did not cover all the remaining space, but assuming that they did, and that they were worth $10 per square foot, the entire loss in buildings will amount to TWENTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS,—an estimate to the correctness of which we have the testimony of many sagacious holders of real estate. The total number of buildings consumed may be roughly stated at about seven hundred. The loss in merchandise is set by the most competent experts at not over three times the amount of loss in buildings,—it being borne in mind that on a number of streets the structures were used principally for offices and contained nothing very valuable, and that in many warehouses the stocks of merchandise were low: some of the dry goods commission houses, for example, having hardly any goods in store. Our estimate therefore, sets the entire loss at EIGHTY MILLIONS,—a stupendous figure in construction in itself, but by no means one to inflict a crushing blow upon the prosperity of Boston. That there will be failures in several of the leading lines of business is probable; but in the case of many firms we believe it will be found that after a suspension of payments until they can ascertain how much of their insurance can be realized, they will resume payments and go on as before. In the magnitude of its destructiveness the Boston conflagration of 1872 is second in rank among the fires which have occurred in the United States, that of Chicago, of course, standing at the head of the list. By the last-named most terrible event some seven thousand buildings, covering an area of 2114 acres, were consumed; but the difference in the comparative value of the buildings and goods destroyed there and here may be inferred from the fact that the total actual loss by the Chicago fire was $196,000,000,—the amount assigned to buildings being $53,000,000, and to merchandise and personal effects $143,000,000. The destruction by our fire, covering less than a thirtieth of the space, was therefore by value very nearly one-half that of the great Chicago calamity. The loss by the great fire of 1835 in New York was variously estimated at from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000. The memorable conflagration in Portland on the fourth of July, 1866, covered two hundred acres and destroyed property to the value of $10,000,000.

The Losses.

When we state that the names of individual losses, on real estate alone, fill some four or five columns of the dailies, it will be understood that it would be useless for us to attempt giving a list of the losses. It is sufficient to say that nearly every occupant of the burnt section was a loser, and many of them to an amount reaching well up toward the millions.

Condition of the Insurance Companies.

The insurance companies were in a more hopeful state of mind late Monday afternoon but especially was this case with the Boston offices, which exhibited a more substantial appearance as the day advanced. The Massachusetts will continue in business, and pay dollar for dollar, assessments having been arranged for on policies. The company (which is the oldest in New England) issued policies on nothing but buildings. On Saturday it was paying back to holders of expired policies 115 per cent. The Union Mutual will probably pay 75 per cent., and the Manufacturers' from 90 to 100 per cent. The Eliot is not yet able to make any statement. The losses of the Firemen's Insurance Company will be double the assets. The Suffolk Company will pay 50 cents, and perhaps more. The Mutual Benefit cannot meet their liabilities. The Newport of Rhode Island and Commercial of New York, are both unimpaired. The German, American, Columbia, Manhattan, Firemen's, Guardian, Brewers' and Maltsters, all of New York, the Orient of Hartford, the Hamburg, Bremen and Amazon of Cincinnati will pay all losses in full, the capital remaining intact. Several of the Providence companies lose heavily, but it is understood that all will pay the losses in full and continue in business. The American and Mercantile of Boston will go on. The Boylston must stop. New Jersey companies lose only a trifling amount. The Continental Insurance Company of New York has assets amounting to over two millions of dollars. If the entire amount at risk within the district is a total loss, one-half of its surplus will pay for it. It is stated that the International, Relief, Commercial Exchange and the Humboldt, of New York, have suspended.

Mr. Charles H. Frothingham, who has made insurance statistics a specialty for sometime past, supplies us with the following points: The number of joint stock companies incorporated in other States or counties doing business in this State at the outbreak of the fire (including twenty companies admitted to do business in this State since the publication of the insurance commissioners' last report), was ninety-five, having an aggregate capital of $95,000,000. These companies having as a general rule, fewer outstanding risks in the burnt district than local companies, will pay a greater proportion of their losses, and companies recently admitted to business which have few risks, will come out in the best condition. The officers of the following companies have made an examination of their affairs and will probably be able to pay the proportion of losses indicated. The American will pay in full, the India Mutual in full, the Mechanics Mutual in full, the Massachusetts Mutual in full, the Shoe and Leather Dealers 25 per cent., the Merchants 75 per cent., the Boylston 66 per cent., the Eliot 75 per cent., the Mutual Benefit 35 per cent., the Firemen's 30 per cent., the North American 50 per cent., the Exchange 40 per cent., Faneuil Hall 40 per cent., Manufacturers' 50 per cent. These are the nearest approximations that can now be made, one of the elements of uncertainty being that it is not yet known what proportion of stocks insured may have been saved.

The Post Office.

The measures adopted by Postmaster Burt for the dispatch of business at the Post Office are working admirably. During Monday night all of the letter boxes in the old office were transferred to Faneuil Hall, put into position, and next morning letters and newspapers were all ready for delivery when the applicants called for them.

The damage to the new Post Office is confined to the exterior walls on Water and Milk streets; the front on Devonshire street is intact. Mr. G. J. F. Bryant has already received orders to recut the stone. The total loss will be about $50,000.

Loss of Life.

There are rumors of several cases of loss of life, but as yet nothing is definite. It is reported that four lives were lost by the falling of Weeks & Potter's store, two of them firemen, who were endeavoring to save two men caught by a falling wall while getting out goods. Two other firemen are also reported missing. The ruins will be overhauled as soon as cool enough, and the bodies taken out.

Later.—Two bodies were taken from the ruins Tuesday forenoon.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

EXTRA SESSION.—On Tuesday, the Executive Council convened at the State House for the purpose of considering the resolutions passed by the City Council of Boston, requesting that a special session of the Legislature be called in order to consider what legislation was necessary in the exigency. The Citizens' Relief Committee, the Mayor and President of the Common Council, several of the Aldermen and a number of prominent insurance men were present. The *Journal* says the case was stated by Hon. William Gray, Chairman of Relief Committee, who said they desired to provide for the speedy restoration of Boston on a sure foundation. It would be necessary to relay, straighten and widen the streets. There were about ten millions of feet to be occupied with buildings, and some firms could not take the amount necessary from their business, and in order to keep the money market in proper equilibrium the city desired permission to pledge the remaining property to aid in rebuilding that which had been burned. The story they had to tell the Legislature was not one of tears, but one of resolution. Mayor Gaston presented the action of the City Government, and stated that it was the unanimous desire of the City Council and the commercial and industrial interests of the city. He also read a statement from the Auditor showing that the expense for a single day's session, including travel, would be $3910, and for each additional day about $1460. Some debate followed, most of the speakers favoring the proposition, and after private consideration by the Council it was decided to convene an extra session of the Legislature at noon next Tuesday, the 19th inst.

PARTIES desiring musical instruction will find something of special interest in the announcement of the New England Conservatory of Music, in another column.

The Markets.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 13, 1872.

Our markets are all unsettled this week, and prices are mostly nominal. We make few changes, and prices are to-day substantially as quoted, but dealers anticipate material alterations.

Butter.—Receipts of the week 11,914 packages, and 564 boxes. The market is without any special change, and there is a fair inquiry for choice grades. Low grades are without any improvement, and it requires some urging and pretty low figures to induce customers to purchase. We quote the *wholesale prices as received by commission houses*, as follows:—Fine fall New York and Vermont butter at 38@38c ₩ lb; fine Western fall at 30@31c ₩ lb; New York and Vermont summer made butter at 22@24c; medium butter at 16@18c; inferior do at 11@13c; bakers' do at 10@11c ₩ lb.

Cheese.—The receipts of the week have been 5926 boxes, and 2 bbls. There is a limited demand, but prices are weak, and there is little or nothing that sells above 12c. We quote fine full made factory at 14½@15c ₩ lb; medium do at 13½@14c; choice dairy at 14½c, and common do at 7@12c ₩ lb.

Eggs.—Receipts of the week 1182 boxes, 436 bbls. The receipts have not been large, and prices are firm at 30@37c ₩ doz for fresh lots of either Northern or Eastern. Limed eggs are selling at 28@32c, and Western at 22@24c ₩ doz.

Potatoes.—There is a fair inquiry for apples, and sales of lots have been made at $2.25 ₩ bbl for New England Baldwins; $3.00 for fall fruit, and $1.50 ₩ bbl for common apples.

Beans.—The market is firm, and with light receipts and a small stock full prices are obtained. We quote mediums at $2.87 ₩ bushel; choice hand-picked pea Beans at $3.62½@3.75 ₩ bush, and yellow eyes at $2.75@3.00 ₩ bush.

Potatoes.—The market is firm, and good lots of Jackson Whites are worth 55c@$1 ₩ bush. Sweet Potatoes are without change, and the market is steady.

Fresh Meats.—Trade is very quiet since the last of the week, and prices are nominal. We quote Brighton dressed beef at 7@9½c for fore, and at 13@17c ₩ lb for hind quarters. Chicago dressed beef is selling at 6@14c for whole carcasses. Veal sells readily and the demand keeps stocks pretty low. Common sells at 6@7c, and choice at 10@13c ₩ lb. Mutton is in good receipt and quality, and steady at 9@12c ₩ lb. Spring Lambs is steady at 8@14c ₩ lb, as to quality. Dressed Hogs are unchanged at 7½@7½c ₩ lb.

3-year-olds at 947 each, or 8c ℔ lb; 4 2-year-olds $25; 2 cows $30 and $35.

I. B. Sargeant sold 5 oxen, to dress 800 lbs each at 10½c; 2 at 9½c; 8 cattle at 6½c, 40 sk.

WESTERN CATTLE.

PRICES ℔ lb ON THE LIVE WEIGHT.

Extra . . . . . 8½@8¾ | Light to fair . . . 6¼@7
Good to prime . . 7¼@8 | Slim . . . . . 5@6
A few lots premium steers —@— ℔ lb.

Brighton, Wednesday, Nov. 13.—Receipts of cattle from Albany 1805, or 300 more than last week. During the four weeks ending to-day the average number of Western cattle at market has been 1825; during the four weeks preceding—Sept. 25–Oct. 16 inclusive—the weekly receipt from Albany averaged 2927. Naturally this decline of 1100 per week for the past four weeks has relieved the beef market from the pressure produced by the large supply of the preceding month—when nearly 3000 head a week were somehow crowded on the market from this source alone. The result is an evide t improvement in trade this week, with a slight advance in prices,—from 7¾@8¼c ℔ lb on the Western cattle, and a pretty brisk trade at that. There were but few cheap Texans, and it can hardly be expected that animals fit for slaughter can be afforded here at 2½@4c ℔ lb, live weight. New England farmers have not a competition in this line this fall never before experienced, and the repetition of which will depend somewhat on the expense of transportation.

SALES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

A. N. Monroe sold 38 steers to J. F. Taylor, 1402 lbs on private terms; and 20 choice native steers, 1270 lbs at 12½c on dressed weight; 6 steers to S. Brooks, 1486 lbs at 6¼c live weight; 43 to Mr. Davis, 1275 lbs at 7¼c; 20 to Mr. Dodd, 1123 lbs at 6c.

W. Scollans sold 35 steers to H. Locke, 1275 lbs at 7¼c; 25 to John Sawyer, 1280 lbs at 7¼c; and 14 of 1260 lbs at 6¾c.

Scollans & McFivon sold 16 to S. S. Learard, 1280 lbs at 7¼c; 41 to N. S. Jackson, 1318 lbs at 7¼c.

Hood & Smith sold 34 steers to John Sawyer, 1274 lbs at $7 80 ℔ cwt; 25 to M. Kain, 1268 lbs, at $7 40 ℔ cwt.

Wales & Heath sold 16 steers to Saunders & Co. 1351 lbs at 7¼c, or 76 00, common.

Fitch & McMurtry sold 12 steers to H. Jordan, 1338 lbs at 7¼c; 40 of 1340 lbs at 7¼c; 12 to Mr. Latham, 1160 lbs at 6½c.

Hathaway & Swift sold 17 to G. W. Wild, 1394 lbs at 8c.

D. G. Stevens sold 15 to J. F. Taylor, 1450 lbs at 8c; 10 to Mr. Richardson, 1471 lbs at 8¼c ℔ lb.

NORTHERN SHEEP.

PRICES.—Spring lambs $3.00@5.00 ℔ head, or 6 @7¼c ℔ lb; sheep, 5@6c ℔ lb.

Including 1000 of J. P. Wiser & Co.'s sheep that were sent to Brighton butchers by way of the Worcester road, we make the number of Northern sheep and lambs 8248, some 400 more than last week. There were also 1900 from Maine and 1400 from the West. The market continues dull and excepting the best lots a slight decline in prices; variously estimated at ¼ to ½c ℔ lb. It would seem that the recent advance in wool ought to be felt in the sale of the live stock, which now bears a good fleece.

E. C. Clark sold a carload of sheep with a few lambs, 100 lbs each at 7½c; 135 others, 92 lbs, at 7c; M. T. Shackett sold 98 sheep, 80 lbs, at 6½c; 93 of 75 lbs, at 6c; A. L. Hodgkins sold 102 sheep, 85 lbs, at 6½c; Wentworth 54 sheep, 85 lbs, at 8c; A. B. Tinker sold 130 sheep and lambs, 78 lbs, at 7½c ℔ lb; O. Bixby sold 50 sheep, 70 lbs at 6c ℔ lb.

OXEN, COWS, VEALS, SWINE, &c.

WORKING OXEN.—The unusual demand for ox labor occasioned by the horse disease, has been fully met, and this week we judge the supply is larger than the demand. Libbey & Thompson sold a pair girthing 7 inches in for $155, and a pair girthing 2 inches less, for the same price; one pair 6 ft 4 in @135; G. W. Marfield sold 14 2-year-olds at $22 per head; J. D. Hosmer sold a pair 7 ft 4 in $215; 7 ft 2 in $185; 7 ft $210; 6 ft 10 in $175; 6 ft 8 in $185; 6 ft 4 in $135 and $140.

COWS AND CALVES.—The demand remains quite limited, and but few are brought in by drovers.

HIDES, PELTS, &c.

Brighton hides 9½@—c; country lots 9@—c; calf skins 16@18c ℔ lb; dairy skins 7@8@10.00 each. Tallow—Brighton 5@5½c; country 3@3½c. Pelts—$1 50 each. Fat bogs—live, 5½@5¾c ℔ lb. Shotes 6¼@6¾c ℔ lb.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Albany, Nov. 8.—*Beeves*—Receipts 4000 head; quality middling; good cattle very scarce and 5½c higher; common and medium ½ higher. The sales are light, as buyers are holding off for lower prices; but as only 45 loads reported for Saturday the market closes steady, with no indication of a decline to-morrow. Canada, averaging 1075 lbs, 5@5¼c; 1150 lbs, 5½@5¾c. New York, averaging 1190 lbs, 5¾@6c; 1225 lbs 6c; 1400 lbs, 6¼@6½c; 1500 lbs, 7c; 1100 lbs, 5¾c. Illinois, averaging 1050 lbs, 4¾@5¼c; 1200 lbs 6¼@6½c; 1330 lbs, 7c; 1350 lbs, 7c; second quality dressed 1350 lbs, 6c; averaging 1050 lbs, 5¼@5¾c. Ohio, averaging 1250 lbs, 7¼c; 1300 lbs, 7¼@7½c. Working oxen were in fair demand early in the week, but inquiry now light; prices ranged from 5½ to 7c. Milch cows are in light supply, with no demand; prices same as last week. *Hogs*—Receipts 42,000 head; the market is in fair demand, with sales at 5¾@6c ℔ lb; nominal. In fair demand, with sales at 5¾@6c ℔ lb; nominal. In fair demand, with sales at 5¾@6c ℔ lb; nominal. In

Poetry.

For the New England Farmer.

THE OLD CIDER MILL.

BY LAURENCE WISSETT.

Just across the door-yard, and where it joins the mowing,
In the hazy sunshine of brown October's glowing,
There the grizzly grinder, in dark, grim servitude,
Shrugged his lean old shoulders with right contentious feud.

Storms had rent the shingles, a kindly roof was bearing—
Torn the noisy clapboards, protecting sides were wearing,
On its hinges creaking, hung loose the ragged door,
And the rain had pelted both grinder and the floor.

Now a timely harvest, the fearless year was browning—
Now the ripening orchards, abundant fruit was crowning.
And the lusty oxen, with breathing nostrils wide,
Drew the heaped-up wagon close to the old mill's side;

These, with eye benignant, in watchful silence waited,
While the juicy fruitage, the greedy grinder sated.
Oh, the apples golden, his mouth rapacious fed!
While old dragging Billy went round with tellsome tread.

Oh, the memories olden, all other thoughts subduing;
Oh, the voices silent, that plead in sweet renewing!
'Twas a manly boyhood and full of nature's grace,
That undisguised lay in David's open face.

When the frosty morning his ruddy hand had purpled,
And the lips were crimson that rows of pearl encircled,
By the farmer's fire-place, where logs and andirons meet,
Sits the little Mary with David at her feet.

Timid is the maiden, in dress of home spun woolen
All her coy, young dimples at hide and seek, while full in
'Mong them leap and dance the sprays of jetty hair,
As they kiss the rose and lily found a hiding there.

Then from straw-bound pomace, a stream of amber-flowing—
'Bove the oaken circuit, the child's sweet face is glowing,
And eyes dipped in night, whence dewy stars are flashed—
Cereallan tubes, her dainty fingers clasped.

Never cup or chalice on ancient famed mountain,
Like the golden straws at Pomona's crested fountain;
Never ancient Hebe with such unwonted grace,
Never bolder Hercules loved a sweeter face.

Years have passed—no more the grinder's dreary noises;
Hushed the merry laughter of all those jocund voices, [
When asiant the splendor from day's declining sun,
Lights up rock and mowing, pane, roof, one by one;

In the lingering glory, and mingling with the shadows,
That across the highway reach out to drape the meadows,
With a knightly bearing and firm in strength of will,
Cometh back the hero for Mary at the mill.

But the little maiden, with briery ways grown weary,
Tossed aside the cumbrances making life so dreary,
And among the Angels, her love all consecrate,
Well she comprehendeth 'tis better he should wait;

Wait, and make triumphant experience of sorrow,
Learn that 'tis not *life* to crown th' expectant morrow—
Chasms 'long the pathway, with Christian deeds to fill,
Mutely passing over, to wait God's further will.

A Selected Story.

From All the Year Round.

LETTY DORMER.

"I would rather die!" said Letty, passionately.

"Just so, my dear: all young girls would rather die than give up an unsubstantial fancy for a profitable reality. In general, however, they do give it up, and they do not die," answered her mother quietly.

"Mamma, how cruel you are!" cried the girl, with a kind of angry despair in her voice.

"Because I am rational? How cruel you are, you ought rather to say, Letty, to give me so much trouble when I am acting only for your own good; and when you know that you will have to yield at last."

"I will not yield: I will die first!" repeated Letty.

"You are very fond of that assertion, my dear; but it does not move me: I know so well that you will marry as I wish you to do, and live into quite a respectable old age. You are healthy, though you do not come of a long-lived family on one side." She sighed—it was a conventional sigh: and then she faintly murmured, "Poor papa!"

"O mamma! you are too dreadful with your cold sarcasms," cried Letty, flinging up her hands.

"And you are too silly with your mock heroics, my dear. If you had not me to guide you into common sense what a mess you would make of your life!"

"What a wreck you wish to make it!" cried Letty.

"Silly little girl," said Mrs. Dormer, with compassionate contempt. "You are like a naughty child who will thrust its hand into the fire and thinks its nurse abominably cruel because she tries to prevent it. The day will come, my dear, when you will thank me, instead of scolding me as you are doing now, that I put an end to this absurd affair with Mr. Ratcliffe, and gave you such an admirable settlement in Mr. Mounsey."

"Admirable settlement! A man old enough to be my father—a man I hate, and that no girl could like—only with money."

"And, having money, with all that a portionless girl can desire, and more than she has a right to expect, said Mrs. Dormer, taking up a few dropped stitches leisurely.

"Oh! I know you don't think it necessary for a wife to love her husband," said Letty, sarcastically.

"To begin with?—by no means, my dear," answered her mother, with perfect good breeding and good temper. "Love comes by habit, by the fact of a pleasant home where there is no stint, and where every thing goes on comfortably. One man is very much the same as another man, when you know them; and, with a moderate amount of amiability, a well-principled girl is sure to be happy if she is properly provided for."

"Your opinions are absolutely monstrous, and I will have nothing to do with them," said Letty, angrily.

"Only to fulfil them, little goose, when you have worked off the froth." Mrs. Dormer returned the answer with a slight laugh; and the servant at that moment flung open the door with an air, and ushered in—"Mr. Mounsey."

A short, thick-set, irascible-looking man, with grizzled hair cropped close, broad, bushy eyebrows, and that kind of moustache and whiskers run together about a clean-shaved chin which gives such a wild-beast expression to a face; a confident, aggressive, unsympathetic-looking man; a man to push his way in the world without regard to those he shoulders aside, and to hold his own, let who would want; a man to be wary of in business, and with whom it would be necessary to be cautious how one made him friend or foe; a man strong in his own right, and standing four-square in his own esteem; but, as Letty said, a man whom no girl could love. This was the wealthy Mr. Mounsey, who had been pleased to cast eyes of admiration on portionless Letty Dormer, and to demand her of her mother as his wife and the mistress of Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer had promised, in spite of that "little folly" with George Ratcliffe, which she had encouraged eagerly enough when no better chances were on hand.

As he came in, his somewhat cruel face lighted up with a kind of masterful smile of pleasure, Mrs. Dormer rose, and welcomed him; but Letty sat pale and rebellious, not fearful or trembling, not shrinking or shy, but with a look of set purpose, of undisguised hostility, on her face, which her very pallor and rigidity seemed to intensify. Mr. Mounsey wisely ignored all unpleasant signs. His cue was to refer Letty's resistance to the coy reserve of maidenly modesty. Girls never know their own minds, not to speak of their best interests; he and Mrs. Dormer were fully agreed on that point; and as he had mamma's consent, he thought it waste of force to attempt an argument with the girl herself, trusting to patient holding on to this point, the dazzle of his riches, and her mother's influence, for a happy issue out of all his perplexities.

"To their like," he said curtly, if gallantly, going straight up to Letty, and offering her an open case containing a costly set of pearls.

"For me? Thank you, no," said Letty, coldly.

"It is usual, my dear Miss Dormer," answered Mr. Mounsey. He had not got yet to the length of calling her Letty; he had tried it once, and he had not repeated it.

"Usual to what?" said Letty, raising her eyes to him. "I know of nothing which should make such a present from you to me usual or possible."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Dormer, sweetly, "it seems to me you are rather wandering to-day. The heat probably," with an apologetic turn of her head to her future son-in-law.

"Probably," said that gentleman, a little fiercely; "but I own I should like to hear something more satisfactory from the young lady herself. All this coyness is very well up to a certain point; beyond that it is tiresome and annoying."

"It will all come right in time," said Mrs. Dormer, blandly.

"Never!" cried Letty.

"Silly little puss," said her mother; but her look was not so playful as her words.

"Mamma, why will you force this hateful presence on me?" cried Letty, with tearful passion. "You know I will never be Mr. Mounsey's wife."

"My dear young lady, I can wait," cried Mr. Mounsey, suddenly changing his tone of annoyance to one of the blandest, most flattering tenderness. "And if I have to wait for the beautiful Miss Dormer as long as that old fellow in the Bible waited for his wife, I will. I have to conquer in the end, and you have to be my wife."

"Never!" said Letty.

"He is doing you too much honor, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, severely.

"H-nor!" she repeated scornfully. "Do you call insolence and tyranny honor?"

And with this she rose and left the room; and Mrs. Dormer and Mr. Mounsey looked at each other not comfortably.

Poor and genteel, Mrs. Dormer prided herself on her birth and breeding. "*Noblesse oblige*" was her favorite motto, though there were some who said that her nobility was only a holiday garment worn for show, the obligations of which extended no further than to kid gloves and silver fish-knives. Still, she was a lady; and as such she shrank from all things vulgar, perhaps, more than from things sinful. And one of the strophes in her litany of praise over Mr. Mounsey was, that, although he was confessedly a self-made man, he was not vulgar. Also, that he had no family belonging to him to show the rougher side of the web from which he, and they, had been originally made. All that was known of him, or, rather, all that he chose to say of himself, was that he had been an Eastern merchant somewhere—locality not exactly defined; and that the result was Mounsey Park. And Mrs. Dormer sagely concluded to look no closer, and ask no more.

Down in the village lived one Will Cobbold, a slippery, clever ne'er-do-weel; a carpenter by trade, a mechanician by genius, generally supposed to be capable of anything to which he chose to turn his hand, but who had drank away all his chances as fast as they had offered themselves, gradually passing from bad to worse till he was now the warning example held up as a moral scarecrow by parents and advisers. Will had a tidy kind of wife, poor body, and a son, a decent fellow enough, who, partly because the bad name of his father clung to him in the old place, partly because he liked rambling for its own sake, had gone off on his travels, until he had cast anchor in a small village in Wales. Its precise name was to refer Letty's resistance to the coy reserve of maidenly modesty. Girls never know their own minds, not to speak of their best interests; he and Mrs. Dormer were fully agreed on that point; and as he had mamma's consent, he thought it waste of force to attempt an argument with the girl herself, trusting to patient holding on to this point, the dazzle of his riches, and her mother's influence, for a happy issue out of all his perplexities.

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"It is usual, my dear Miss Dormer," answered her mother, not a month after his marriage.

"What Mounsey may that be?" asked Mrs. Jones, Mary's mother. "I was a Mounsey myself afore I saw poor Jones."

"Don't know," said young Will, "more nor he be a mainly rich gentleman as hav' been in the East somewheres; but no one knows much about him."

"His name mayn't be three M's—Morley Magnus?" asked Mrs. Jones in a vague way.

"Ay! that I know it is," said Will; "and many's the good laugh we've had over it in the town."

"Why, mother!" cried Mary who had turned quite pale.

"Ay, lass! I know what you'd say," said her mother, rising and speaking in an excited manner, "As sure as you're born, that's the uncle you've heard me speak of so often! Will Cobbold, that Mounsey yonder in his fine park, is my brother. There can't be another such name in the world; for father, he called him Morley Magnus after his two godfathers, the chemist and the draper of Kerket. You see if your gentleman don't come from Kerket in the Forest; you see if he don't. He went to foreign parts better nor twenty years agone. He was as clever as you please, but always a close old gripe; and, if you'll believe me, he has never once wrote home since he heard that poor father died, and mother and me was in trouble, and he was asked to help with a few pounds; and he rolling in riches, as one may say."

"Well, mother," said Will, "suppose we give them all a start at the old place, and travel there unexpected? I reckon our fine gentleman won't be quite so down on father when his own niece has got his son, hey, Mary?"

"Not much of a get," said Mary, saucily.

But Will gave her one for her impertinence; and they cried quits over the punishment.

The preparations for Letty's marriage with the rich possessor of Mounsey Park were still going on in a languid, intermittent sort of way; the girl protesting, the mother insisting, the man persevering, and expressing himself confident as to the future. Meanwhile, George Ratcliffe came back to Market Hill; and his presence, while it comforted Letty, served to make all things more confused. His firm refusal to be dismissed on anything short of her expressed desire, and Mrs. Dormer's as firm refusal to allow of his pretentions, made a kind of tumult in the place which set every one talking. But no one knew the exact rights of the case. All that was certain was, that there was a hitch somewhere; that Letty looked miserably ill, and George Ratcliffe looked miserably unhappy; and that of the whole of the quartette concerned, Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park was the only one who kept any appearance of content, or who seemed, as the doctor said, as if he could eat a mutton-chop without choking. He, never spoke to Letty but in confidence. He was not the kind of man to give his confidence. But he often said, as a matter of course, to his neighbors, "When I am married, I will do so and so." "That must wait till we have come back from our tour." "When I have my wife at Mounsey Park, this and that will be better arranged." All said in the quietest and most positive tone imaginable, the tone of a man who as he himself said "rode to win."

One day Letty was sitting in the little morning-room, to which latterly she had retreated as a place of refuge, her mother having the fine lady's natural disinclination to sit in anything but the drawing-room. Here she was hiding, in sad mood enough, thinking over her position, and wandering how she should get out of the net that was being daily drawn more closely round her, when her mother came in.

"Letty," she said, abruptly; "things have come to a crisis, and now you must decide our future."

"Mamma, I have decided," answered Letty, with her weary air. "Why will you torture me so cruelly?"

"The cruelty has not been on my side," said her mother. "I said so once before, and I say so again."

"It would be hard to make believe that," said Letty.

"So? Then I must tell you the whole truth. Listen, Letty; if you had been obedient, and had done as you ought, you need never have known it. I owe Mr. Mounsey several thousands of pounds, and if you do not marry him he will proceed against me. That is all. It is simply a question of our utter ruin—yours and mine together, Letty—or your consenting to be his wife. Now, I leave my fate in your hands."

"You mean, in fact, mamma, that you have sold me to this man," said Letty, with a strange, unnatural calmness; "and that I must pay the price—by myself?"

"You may call it what you like, Letty; but why choose such unpleasant terms? The fact is the only thing to be dealt with, unfortunately for us both."

"Unfortunately—yes, indeed!" sighed Letty, still with that fixed, strained look. "But I must speak to George. I can do nothing, say nothing, without him."

"I don't see much good in going to him for advice," said her mother, irritably. "It is your affair, not his."

"Mamma!" remonstrated Letty.

"Well, my dear, so it is. The question is one which you alone can answer. Will you marry Mr. Mounsey, or must I be ruined and rendered penniless for the remainder of my life? That you have no love for me, I know—"

Here Letty raised her large gray eyes with a plaintive look, saying, in a deprecatory manner, "Mamma, I do love you! You know that I do!"

"But," continued Mrs. Dormer, in a martyr spirit, sweetly self-forgetful, "if you have no love for me, you surely have some kind of family pride; you would scarcely like your father's name (you loved him!) to be dragged through the mire, as it must be."

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" cried poor Letty, breaking down in sobs and tears. "Do not mention poor papa's name in the business; there is sacrilege enough in it without that!"

"You are hard on me, Letty," said Mrs. Dormer, tears in her eyes too; "but perhaps I have deserved it; and if it will make matters better for you,—I am sorry for you, my poor child!" she added, with a genuine burst of feeling rare in her.

Then the two women, the ice broken, clasped in each others arms sobbed out their grief in concert; which, at least, destroyed the coldness which had sprung up between them, and made them partners in suffering, not, as formerly, antagonists and enemies.

While they were sitting there, both feeling the sacredness of the anguish of the moment, the servant came to tell them that Mr. Mounsey was in the drawing-room, the time of his daily visit having arrived.

"Letty, what am I to say to him?" asked Mrs. Dormer, drying her eyes, yet still weeping. "Am I to tell him yes, or no? He has come for his final answer to-day; and I dare not put him off any longer."

"I cannot, mamma, till I have seen George," sobbed Letty. "If it is only a question of this money, George may help us. So long as I thought you wanted me to marry for a settlement only, I did not mind refusing you; and I could not put George forward. I could only remain true to him, and hope for the future; but if it is money, that can be paid off, mamma, if he can raise the sum you want, will not this set you free? and then will you not release me?"

"Certainly, if I could get out of the man's debt I would not press you, my dear. But it would be a splendid provision for you!" said Mrs. Dormer regrettfully, looking back to the flesh-pots. "You must come yourself now, Letty; I dare not face him alone any more. Ah! my poor child, you little know what my life has been of late between you both," she added, shuddering.

"I will go with you, mamma," said Letty, resolutely. "From me, at least, he shall learn the truth."

And they went together, arm-in-arm; the two who had been so long estranged suddenly become friends.

"I augur well from this happy companionship," said Mr. Mounsey gallantly, as the two women entered the room. "Is my term of probation at last come to an end?"

This last was addressed to Letty, with a tender air that accorded ill with his fierce and fervid face.

"I have just heard that mamma owed you money," said Letty, plunging into the heart of the matter at a bound.

"A mere nothing, my dear."

"Don't call me dear, sir!" interrupted Letty angrily.

"Indeed, absolutely nothing—not so much as a cobweb between Mrs. Dormer and her son-in-law; rather a large sum, I confess, between Mrs. Dormer of the Cottage and Mr. Mounsey of Mounsey Park. You see I am a man of business, my dear young lady—pardon the slip, it would come; and though prepared to do all that is handsome by my relation, not prepared to give away my money to individuals who have no claim on me. Don't you see the justice of this for yourself?"

"Yes," said Letty straightly. "Then the whole thing is a mere matter of money. If I can get this loan of yours to mamma paid off, I shall hold myself free from the promise she has made for me. If I cannot"—

"This, my charming Letty will be a receipt in full of all demands," interrupted Mr. Mounsey, taking her hand in his and forcibly kissing it. She wiped it with her handkerchief immediately after, with an air of the deepest disgust; and the man's fierce face took a dark look it was well she did not see.

At this moment there passed the window which gave on to the drive a group of four, two of whom were men and two were women. The men were the Cobbolds, old and young Will dressed in their Sunday best, and both sober; which, for the elder of the two, was a blessed privilege becoming daily rarer. The women were Mrs. Jones from Wales, and her daughter Mary. The front door stood open, as is often the case in the country, where there is neither fear nor danger; and the party entered the hall without knocking. They did, however, knock at the drawing-room door; and then they all entered.

"Who in heaven's name are you all? and what do you want? Cobbold! young William!" cried Mrs. Dormer, angrily.

"Morley Magnus! brother Morley Magnus!" said Mrs. Jones in a tearful voice, wiping her eyes with her shawl. And, "Well, uncle, and how are you?" said Mary, who was a pert young woman in her way.

Then Mrs. Jones fell on his neck and kissed him; and Mary took his hand, and shook it heartily, sideways.

"Who are these lunatics?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a fine air of disdain. He did not start nor blush, nor show any other emotion than that of surprise, tempered with pity and contempt.

"Your own sister, sir," said old Will.

"My wife, Mr. Mounsey," chimed in the younger man; and Mary, with her head in the air, repeated airily, "Your niece, uncle."

"Sister! I have no sister. Who dares to say I have a sister?" said Mr. Mounsey, of Mounsey Park, fiercely.

"Hear to him! Hear to him, how he disowns his own flesh and blood!" cried Mrs. Jones, more tearfully than before. "O, Morley Magnus! that ever I should have lived to see this day! And mother and me has always looked for you to come when your time was out, and you was a free man once again; and father died in trouble, and the bailies took our house!"

"Silence, you old witch!" shouted the owner of Mounsey Park; but Mary, who had a spirit, flashed out with, "Witch yourself, old man! No one shall miscall my mother to my face, if he were twenty times an uncle!" And the two Cobbolds rubbed their hats, and looked as if they liked it.

"My word, but she has a spirit, Will!" whispered the father with a grin.

"Fine!" returned Will, with an approving nod.

Her tone startled Mr. Mounsey into sudden reflection.

"There must be some mistake here," he said in a mild voice, turning to Mrs. Dormer and Letty, and speaking in a conciliating manner.

"No ladies, there is none," said Mrs. Jones.

"That man is my own brother, who got into a little bit of trouble when he was a lad, about some sheep as found their way to father's. He were transported, he were, sorry I am to say it; and when his time was out, he wrote as how he had gone further off to foreign parts. But he never wrote no more, though we heard of him, and how he had made mines of gold. He left us to starve, if we'd a mind. He never sent us a new sixpence, or a pair of old shoes, though he knew we were bound to be in trouble when father died. His name is Morley Magnus Mounsey, ladies. His poor father, he named him the three Ms after Mr. Morley—he were the chemist, and Magnus were the draper, of our town—who was his godfather, and stood for him. And this girl of mine, Will Cobbold's wife and a good girl she is, and a tidy wife he have got, though I say it as shouldn't, and though she has a spirit as would face a lion—she's a Mounsey too. For I kept the old name to her, as the Mounseys as they was better blood than the Joneses, and many's the time poor Jones and me have had words on the same. And hearing from Will Cobbold there, that you had Morley Magnus here among you, I made bold to come and see if he would help me and mine—for I am only a lone widow, ladies; and maybe raise Will and his father a bit in the world."

"Raise them so high, my fine friends, that you will all be indicted for conspiracy, for trying to extort money," said Mr. Mounsey. "In speaking to ruin me, you have only destroyed yourself; and, by the Lord, you shall have it hot!" he cried passionately.

"Mamma, this man is too hateful," said Letty indignantly. "A thief, a convict, the brother of a woman like this—it is surely done with now!"

"You will be prepared with that little sum I spoke of this day week, when your bill falls due?" said Mr. Mounsey, with a frigid bow to Mrs. Dormer and a fiery glance to Letty, whom else he ignored.

"Yes," said Letty boldly.

Mr. Mounsey raised his eyebrows,

"Undeveloped resources," he said with a sneer, still addressing Mrs. Dormer. "I can scarcely think your young beggar friend, Mr. Ratcliffe, can raise the funds; but I presume you know where to find your market. You have missed one good settlement, madam; better luck next time!"

And with an insolent laugh he took his hat and passed out.

* * * * *

"Pay it?" said George, when Letty told him all; "why, of course I will pay it. I can raise the money; never you mind how, Letty. We shall only have to wait a little longer, and work a little harder, and maybe live a little simpler; that is all. But we are safe now, and I think the money well spent."

"Such a thing it is to have to do with a gentleman," said Mrs. Dormer, with languid enthuiasm, and her usual happy knack of setting herself just that one step in front of her circumstances which is the line that separates welcome from resignation. "No, Mr. Mounsey was rich; but he was not a gentleman. And to think of Letty being old Cobbold's niece; how horrible!"

"And the wife of a convict," put in George, a little grimly.

"I should not have been old Will's neice; only his son's wife's mother," laughed Letty; she had begun to laugh again in these later times. "That would have been near enough, however. Not that I should minded Mrs. Jones, or Will Cobbold, or the convict taint either, George, if it had been you," she added, fondly.

"My dear, don't suggest such horrible ideas," said Mrs. Dormer, shuddering. "There are certain subjects which are not to be jested on."

"So Mr. Mounsey seems to think," said George; "for I heard that he has left the park, and put it into Brille's hands for sale."

"What a blessing!" said Letty.

But her mother, with a glance in the mirror opposite, looked dubious.

"I am sorry it has all come out so ill against him," she said. "He was not a gentleman; but, all the same, Mounsey Park was a charming domain."

"Even with Will Cobbold at the gates, and that conviction for sheep stealing to be turned up at any time?" asked George, a trifle contemptuously.

"Money can do a great deal," answered Mrs. Dormer.

"Yes, it can," answered George, drawing Letty to him tenderly. "It can heal two broken hearts, and make two despairing wretches the happiest people in the world: can't it, Letty?"

"Yes, George," said Letty, with her arms round his neck.

General Miscellany.

NOVEMBER.

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

Hoarse trumpeters are in the sky,
From which a dripping rain is shed,—
Onward in wedge-like firm they fly
By leader piloted;
A flourish of the feathered band
Announces that they seek a land
Of sunniness and flowers,—
Blue waters edged by golden sand,
Flashing through tropic bowers.

The forest trees that shook of late
Their many-tinted flags in air
Disrobed, and in a crownless state,
Distinctive features wear;
Like a crazed maiden in her woe
Swinging her thin arms to and fro
The wind-swept willow mark!
While mist creeps o'er the meadows low,
And clouds above grow dark.

How pleadingly yon poplar stands,
Was trembler in the dismal wood;
Like some poor wretch with up-flung hands,
Spurned by oppressor rude;
The elm, aside his helmet cast,
Looks like a warrior quelled at last
Who courts the deadly stroke—
Bold wrestler with the surly blast,
Towers athlete-like the oak.

November of forbidding mien
Is busy by the wood and rill
Changing to russet, aught of green
Or bright found lingering still:
He treads in wrath the forest floor,
And dead leaves fly his breath before
And croaking sounds are heard,
Mingling with sobbing, and the roar
Of waves to madness stirred

As if he wished to travel far
From our cold clime, the King of Day
Guides southward his beclouded car,
And welcomes evening gray;
Like friends that quit in sorrow hour
The builder of their pomp and power,
His rose-checked clouds are fled;
A gloomy troop, with front that lower,
Are flocking round instead.

Strange beauty fell on hill and dell,
When gentle Indian Summer came,
Disclosing through a filmy veil,
A crown of ruddy flame.
She reddened with her touch the rill,
Festooning purple on the hill
Her magic fingers hung,—
Through Nature sent a joyous thrill
And turned her harp unstrung.

Oh, brief and dream-like was her stay!
A harsh discordant voice went forth,
Driving the lovely nymph away,
From the chill, darkened north;
Robbed of its lining, soft and blue,
The welkin wore a leaden hue,
The fields a shading brown,—
Wild bird and bee from sight withdrew,
And blinding sleet came down.

A tyrant comes, November drear!
In train thy mace of power to rend,
And on a pale, wind-shaken bier
Thy frozen form extend;
He will insult thy stiff remains
By loading them with icy chains;
Oh spectacle forlorn!
Then while the wild old wood complains,
Sound his dismaying horn!

DR. HAYES SUSTAINED.

The reported discovery of a vast open Polar sea, east and northwest of Spitzbergen, by the Norwegian Captain Nils Johnson, confirms the original finding of Dr. Hayes, and should make doubters and scoffers feel ashamed of themselves. Dr. Hayes, in his first volume of Arctic researches, told in a few plain words, without a dash of boasting, of his discovering an unfrozen Polar Sea, with no visible northern shore. The doctor and his solitary companion had reached it by sledge, penetrating as far north as Cape Constitution, Washington Land, latitude 82 degrees 72 minutes, and longitude about 69 degrees. They established the fact that Smith's Strait connects by a channel (to which they gave the name of Kennedy) with the open Arctic Ocean. In this channel they found seals and other animal life, and on the banks bears and various birds. Scientific persons, and even those who had made a study of Arctic explorations, saw fit to doubt this story on the ground of its supposed extreme improbability; though others equally competent to pass judgment believed it on the sole authority of a man of high character like Dr. H.

People generally did not challenge the report—the evidence being good enough for them. Captain Nils Johnson, cruising to the east of Spitzbergen, on a whaling voyage, has now, by accident, entirely corroborated the the statements of Dr. Hayes. Attaining a point, given at 79 degrees 8 minutes north latitude and 30 degrees 15 minutes east longitude, he found the whole sea to the south and east, and east-northeast perfectly free from ice. He sailed along the coast without obstruction for two days and one night, and it was everywhere open except in a few lines toward the north, where the ice was visible. Ascending a mountain near the coast, he obtained a view over a wide circuit, and saw an iceless ocean to the extent of his vision, in a direct east-northeast. The captain saw birds, seals and reindeer, but says nothing about whales in the brief abstract of his report which has come to hand. He found great piles of driftwood along the shore, some of them heaped twenty feet above high-water mark.

A common map of the Eastern Hemisphere will show the scene of Captain Johnson's exploits. He entered a region hitherto unknown to geographers, and put down on maps as open space. The route by Spitzbergen has always been regarded as favorable for Arctic research, as it is the probable path of the Gulf Stream; and Captain Johnson having entered it and brought back such valuable results with a common sailing vessel, the scientific world may be encouraged to hope that a better fitted craft, going out for the express purpose of exploring the open Polar Sea, may by that line make her way to the North Pole.—*Journal of Commerce.*

A SAILOR'S DESCRIPTION OF A RIDE ON HORSEBACK.

Therefore, arising betimes, I hired a very fine horse, and, manning him bravely, laid his head east and by south, as near as might be, according to our binnacle. But though the wind was abaft the beam, and tide and all in his favor, and a brave commander upon his poop, what did he do but bouse his stem, and run out his spanker-driver, and up with his taffrail, as if I was wearing him in a thundering heavy sea. I resolved to get the upper hand of this uncalled-for mutiny; and the more so because all our crew were gazing, and at the fair I had laid down the law very strictly concerning horses. I slipped my feet out of the chains, for fear of any sudden capsize, and then I rapped him over the cat-heads, where his anchor ought to hang. He, however, instead of doing at all what I expected, up with his bolt-sprit and down with his quarter, as if struck by a whale under his forefoot. This was so far from true seamanship, and proved him to be so unbuilt for sailing, that I was content to disembark over his stern, and with slight concussions. "Never say die," has always been my motto, and always will be; nailing my colors to the mast, I embarked upon another horse of less than half the tonnage of that one who would not answer helm. And this craft, being broken-backed with a strange sound at her port-holes, could not under press of sail bowl along more than four knots an hour. And we adjusted matters between us so, that when she was tired I also was sore, and therefore disembarked and towed her, until we were both fit for sea again. Therefore it must have been good meridian when I met Parson Chowne near his house.—*From "The Maid of Sker," by R. D. Blackmore.*

LONDON EQUIPAGES.

Carriage horses in London are now almost always "jobbed," that is, hired for the season, or sometimes for the year. This applies to some of the finest pairs in London, for whose hire a large sum is paid. The convenience of the plan is that it saves trouble, and if a horse falls dead it can be instantly replaced without cost to the hirer. The carriage horses in London have shown a decided improvement since the fall of the second empire. Louis Napoleon's agents and Parisian grandees were previously continually buying up the finest. A pair of fine coach horses costs from $1000 to $2000. Those the late Lord Foley, who died two years ago, were long noted as the finest in London. That nobleman sold his ancestral estates for $4,500,000 to the present earl of Dudley, and, concentrating all his forces on his London establishment, achieved the proud distinction of having the best dinners and best appointed equipage and servants in the town.

Oddly enoughs it is the custom for people who have grand equipages to make their brave show at eight o'clock in the evening, when they go out to dinner, and when there is no one in the streets. The coachman and footman are then in their finest liveries, the former sitting imbedded in his hammercloth on the box of the stage coach. When my lord and my lady are in, the two Jeameses jump up on their perch behind, each with a long, gilt-mounted cane in his hand. When they have deposited their load they pull up the shutters of the carriage, and, mounting the box, one on each side of the coachman, thus return at a slow rate to the stables. This is a very old custom, which has been handed down by generations of Jeameses.

QUEBEC is the most strongly fortified city in Canada. It is entered only though massive gateways—which are being moved, however, because they impede travel—and the main fortifications are entered by a devious way, the sides of which are compact granite, twenty to thirty feet high, every turn in which is swept by batteries of the heaviest calibre. The walls could not be scaled, for that is impossible; neither could the citadel be entered by the ordinary way, if properly defended, for that would be impossible too; but few shells could be thrown into the citadel from the river, for the angle and distance are both too great; nothing, indeed, but a siege or a mastery strategy could possibly capture the place, neither of which is an admitted possibility by the few red coats who garrison the fortress.

KEEPING UP STOCK.—At the last session of the Legislature of the State of Illinois, a law commonly known as the stock law was passed, which took effect throughout the State a short time ago. The act provides that it shall be unlawful for the owner or owners of any domestic animals of the species of horse, mule, ass, cattle, sheep, goat or hog to permit them to run at large after the 1st day of October, 1872. For a violation of this law a penalty of not less than $3 nor more than $10 shall be imposed, the money to be paid to the school fund of the township.

Moral and Religious.

For the New England Farmer.

SUNDAY READINGS.—No. 470.

Then saith he unto me, worship God.—REVELATIONS.

Thus spake the angel to John, and thus today speaks to every one the voice that must sometime be heard. All worship with more or less devotion at some shrine; let each ascertain for himself where his worship is tendered. "Ye cannot serve two masters" with the undivided devotion of the heart; therefore, let each choose who or what the supreme object shall be, and forget not that upon this decision rests the future with all its hopes and possibilities.

Worship God! On all the beautiful earth, its broad fields and sheltering woods, its noble hills and mountains glowing in sunlight or checkered with shadows; on the sea for whose summer loveliness language has no fitting words, the great name is visible to the loving spirit, and through these outward symbols worship should forever ascend.

Who can raise his eyes skyward, when night has dropped her mantle upon earth, and see the never-ending stretch of worlds that dot the firmament without having all that is within him moved to praise and worship! Not an idle wonder let it be, but a reverential uplifting of all that is pure and holy to the spirit that fills all.

Worship God! By assembling in His earthly temples and blending devotions with those who are heirs of the same frailties, hopes and aspirations as ourselves, we renew our allegiance to our Father in Heaven, acknowledge our brotherhood in man, and confess to our common Savior, and our confident hope of eternity when this short life is ended.

In what consists the worship of God? One may burn incense while life lasts, keep all the fasts and feasts of the church and observe all its other ordinances, and yet remain an alien and stranger to the true worship of the Most High. No outward observance, except as it be the expression of an inward sentiment, can be of value in the eyes that read the heart more readily than we a printed book; and what a mockery to bend the knee and uplift the hands, and repeat hallowed words in which the heart has no share.

All outward observances, as long as they are helps to sincere piety, have a real value, but without the inspiration of the heart to make them sincere they neither benefit man nor meet God's acceptance.

The true oblation upon the sacred altar is the christian life, and this at all times and in all circumstances. In the counting-room, in the workshop, in the field, at home, in the study of the professional man, in each situation man or woman fills, there must God's presence be hallowing, restraining, guiding, strengthening the weak-hearted and throwing light into the dark labyrinth of mingled motives.

Worship God, by referring to Him the varied experiences of life. If He live and reign, then neither joy or sorrow, blessing or misfortune come by blind chance. They are all known to Him and he can send the one or avert the other as in his unclouded wisdom seems fitting and best. Once believing this wholly and the disposition to murmur finds no place. It is sufficient to know that the good and what is called evil are alike the out-pouring of the great love which pervades all his kingdom.

The truest worship is then the devotion of life to the highest aims and the consecration of all one's powers to self cultivation and the advancement of all who come within the sphere of influence. Let the poor and sinful and unfortunate find, in the more favored brother, sympathy and encouragement, and, more than all, the example of a true life. Few, apparently, estimate rightly the influence of example, but it is a tremendous agent for good or ill. Therefore each human being is responsible for the influence he exerts, and this is greater than the unreflecting can understand.

Worship to God is due from all hearts. Gratitude should be like a strong, deep river, never failing. The morning light brings fresh cause, the progressing day but adds to the obligation which night can only deepen. Each hour yields a new harvest, no minute but bears testimony to the love, broad and deep as eternity, that enfolds us in its tender embrace.

He worshippeth best who loveth most, so that all can measure devotion by love, love to God and man. Love is the fulfilling of the law, say the Scriptures, so if there be rancor in the heart, and coldness and ill-will, see that those be quenched, else prayer will fall powerless and prove what it is in such cases, only lip service.

Worship God! Wealth, station, influence, the heart's fair idols in our homes,—all these are good and fair, but there is that above and better than them all, and to the highest and best alone bring the deepest and holiest homage of which the soul is capable. H. J. L.

From "The Marble Prophecy, and Other Poems."

GRADATIM.

BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls